



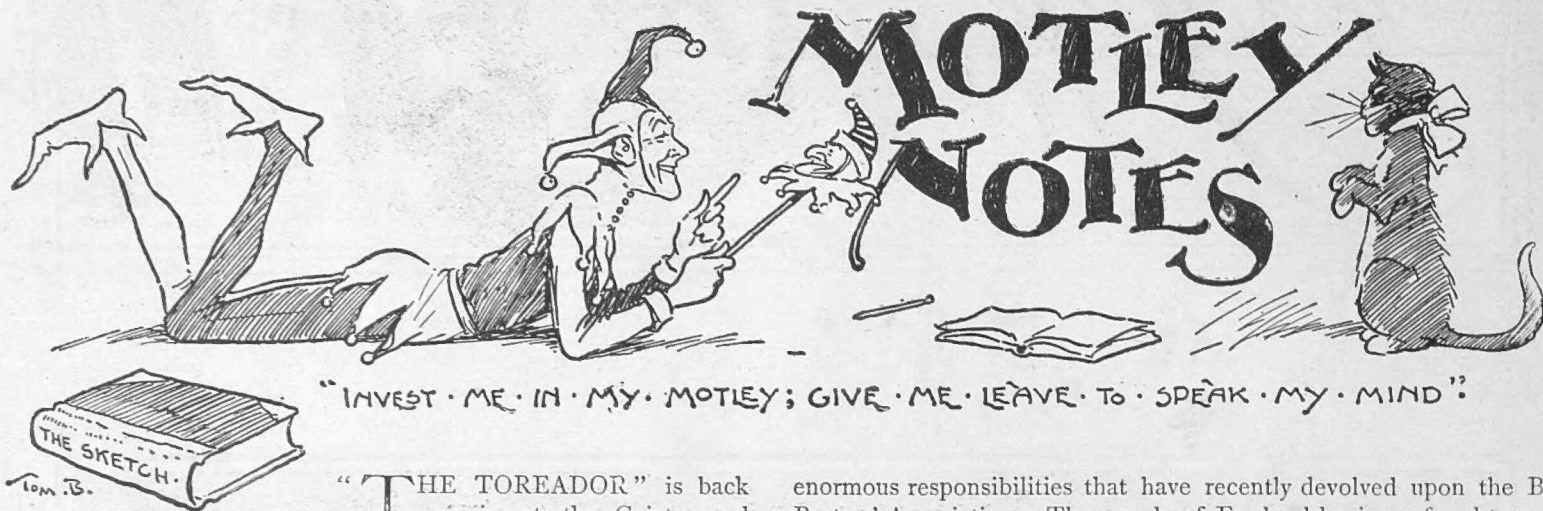
No. 502.—VOL. XXXIX. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photographed for "The Sketch."



"THE TOREADOR" is back again at the Gaiety, and very welcome he is. Of course, when I speak of the Toreador, I mean the great little Sammy Gigg himself, for, in my humble opinion, Edmund Payne is the only real "artist" in the cast. But what a little genius he is! His talent lights up the stage of the Gaiety just as that of Sir Henry Irving illumined the dreariness of the Lyceum. There is nothing, in his own line, that this little man cannot do. Humour, wit, burlesque, mimicry—all are his. I verily believe that, if it so pleased him, he could reduce the house to tears. As it is, he can make the weariest member of the audience cry with merriment, and that is all we ask of him. But what can one say of his colleagues? True, we have Mr. Lionel Mackinder, who gives a passable imitation of the clever G. P. Huntley. We have, also, Mr. Fred Wright junior, who can dance as nimbly as most people. Then there is Mr. George Grossmith, also junior, who pleases a certain number of the audience by very reason of his amateurish methods. Mr. Robert Nainby is a clever actor, but, lo and behold, he has no part worth the playing.

As regards the women, Miss Gertie Millar is dainty and promising, Miss Ethel Sydney is a good mimic, and Miss Queenie Leighton has a certain amount of melodramatic instinct. Once upon a time, Miss Connie Ediss used to amuse me vastly; now she is a Grand Lady, and would seem to have lost some of her sense of humour. The piece, I repeat, stands or falls with Edmund Payne. Mind you, I am not clamouring for the "dear old days," or talking any senile nonsense of that sort. Actors and actresses are as clever to-day as ever they were, and quite a number of them are willing to take their profession seriously if they can get a chance of showing what they can do. But Mr. Edwardes must look about him pretty sharply if he wants to maintain the reputation of the Gaiety for wit, for humour, for smartness. He must not rely on the cleverness of one actor to establish a reputation for his new theatre. Above all, he must not give us such wretchedly poor stuff as "That's when the mice begin to play" and "It's never Done"—two of the new numbers in the revised version. He has Mr. Adrian Ross, the best lyric-writer in London, at his command; for heaven's sake, let him make use of Mr. Ross's talents.

By the way, it is quite a mistake to imagine that the Gaiety dude of the comic papers and the music-hall stage has passed away. At any rate, he was there in great force on Thursday evening last—simpler, receding forehead, giggle, white gloves, excess of alcoholic food, and all the rest of it. As an Englishman, I take a sort of pride in the perpetuation of the type. I do not mean that I should care to be parentally responsible for even one such beauty, but it is rather gratifying to one's national instincts to be able to point to a certain sort of young thing and say, "There goes a fool." I mean, the mere fact that we are still able to recognise them as fools goes a long way towards establishing our reputation for general sanity. So many people might suppose that, because these youths are permitted to brag and stutter and splutter in public places, we really hold them in some respect. Whereas, of course, the truth is that we look upon them as a relic of mediæval inefficiency and treat them with proportionate tenderness. After all, the citizens of the United States would probably give a good deal if their more inept youths could be taught the gentle art of stick-sucking so that they might be able to practise it with any degree of assurance.

The announcement that the bill-posters in a North Country town have refused to post certain theatrical pictures makes one realise the

enormous responsibilities that have recently devolved upon the Bill-Posters' Association. The people of England having refused to go to Art, Art has been brought to them and placed before their eyes in so pronounced a way that it is impossible nowadays for any man, woman, or child to escape from the subtle influence of the painter. So much being admitted, it follows that the Bill-Posters' Association find themselves in the influential position once occupied by the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy. Day by day, they pass in review the most brilliant work of our foremost young painters. Theirs it is to accept or reject, to decide whether or no a poster is likely to be of moral and intellectual benefit to the masses. One does not always agree with their decisions, perhaps, any more than one always approved of the pictures that found their way on to the walls of the Royal Academy. However, the Bill-Posters' Association is a comparatively young body, and one may reasonably hope that it will do a great and good work for this country.

I cannot quite understand the attitude of those editors who have printed "slating" notices of Miss Marie Corelli's latest book. (I forget the name of the volume, for the moment, but I feel sure that I have seen it advertised.) All the world knows that, for obvious reasons, Miss Corelli's books are no longer sent to the Press for review. Any criticism of the book that is considered necessary by Miss Corelli and her publisher appears in the advertisement columns of the evening papers and weekly reviews before the publication of the book. It follows, therefore, that the editor who wishes to print a notice of the book must send out to the nearest shop and buy a copy. Now, to my precise mind, it seems just a little illogical to pay an author the compliment of buying her book and then to run about and tell everyone what a poor thing it is. Surely, since Miss Corelli has intimated her desire that the papers should not review her works, it would be far more dignified for an editor to bow his head in meek resignation and comply with her request. But there! Editors are queer cattle.

Several of my correspondents, who have been unconventional enough, apparently, to postpone their holidays until the fine weather set in, have asked me to recommend them a few good books for holiday reading. Well, I can only tell them how I do myself in the way of literature when I happen to get away for a few hours from the streets and alleys of London. I take with me several volumes of poetry—a volume for each mood. Then, in the early morning, I go out into the fields with Shelley. After breakfast, my brain being at that time fairly clear, I spend an invigorating hour with Meredith. Tennyson generally accompanies me on my afternoon walks; Shakspeare takes the place of the theatre after dinner; whilst Keats and Byron are just the fellows to sit with one at an open window on a fine moonlight night. If I happen to wake during the night, I turn to the soothing Keble, and on Sundays, of course, I have confidential hours with Wordsworth.

It may be that this literary fare will not appeal to my correspondents. For all I know, they may have arranged to spend their holidays in some place where green fields are unknown and where the moon shrinks abashed before the fierce glare of electric lights. In such a case, and if they still wish to try a sort of poetic pabulum, I should advise them to purchase several of those shilling albums containing popular items from the music-halls. These have the additional advantage of being set to vampable music.

Chicst



NOT GUILTY!

"The humours of the Law. The driver of a market-cart found drunk and incapable on the box of his vehicle in the middle of a gentleman's garden escaped all penalty because he was not 'on the public highway'!"—EXTRACT FROM THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE," THURSDAY, AUG. 28

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

THE CLUBMAN.

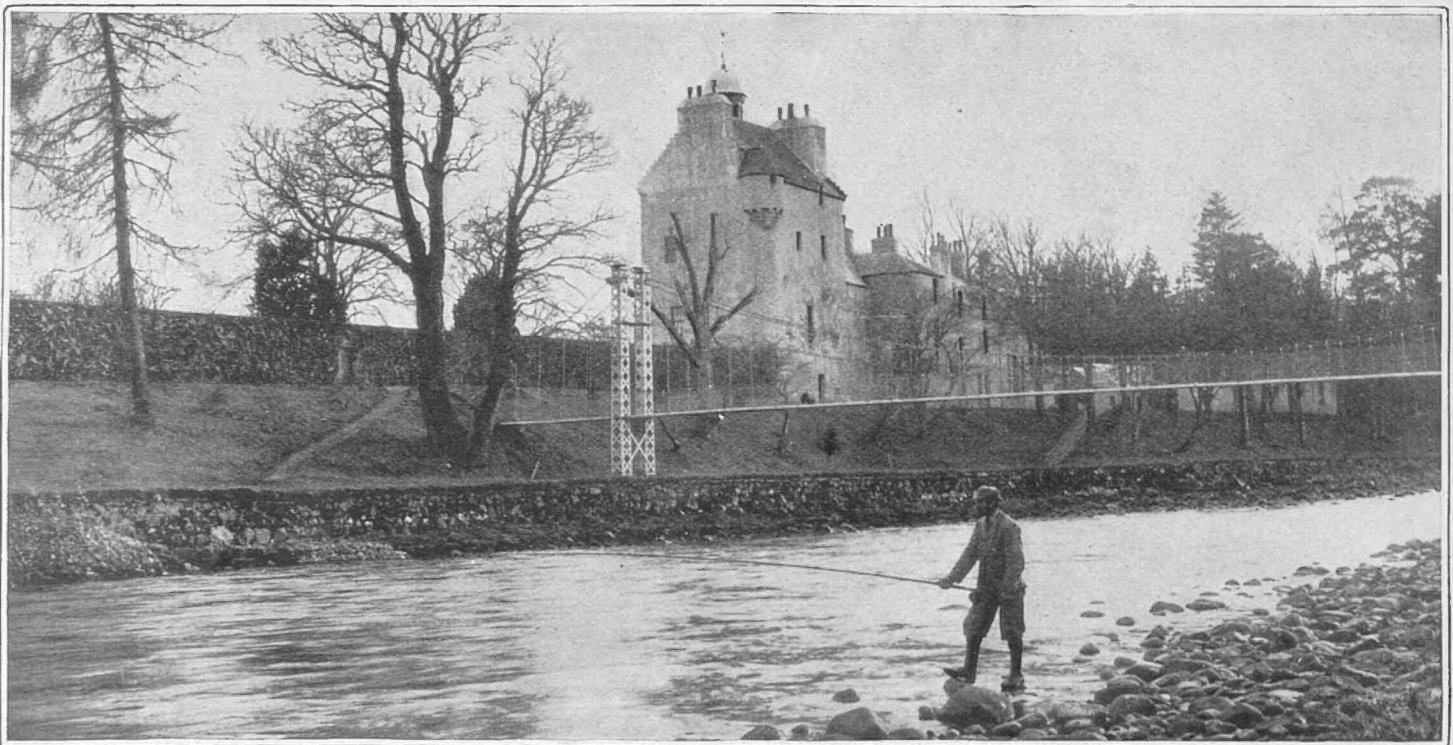
President Roosevelt's Accident—The Man and his Career—The Cavalry Dépôt at Canterbury.

THE driver—"gripman," in New York colloquial parlance, I think—of an electric car is the person most abused by Americans in their own country. The New York policeman, who is as unpopular a person as our "Bobby" is popular, is but second to him in the bad books of the community. A New York policeman often answers the most civil of inquiries with a "hard look," and is ready enough with his baton on most occasions, though he shows commendable self-restraint in the use of his "gun." The car-driver, however, has taken in America the place of the pirate of the Spanish Main as a ferocious creature scattering ruin wherever he goes. A good third of the jokes in the columns for comicalities of the American papers refer to him. If a poor man with a black eye, an arm in a sling, and one leg shorter than another is described as hobbling down the side-walk and is asked by a charitable lady whether he has just returned from the War in the Philippines, he always replies that he obtained his injuries through trying to cross Broadway in front of a car, and other little jests, all of the same pattern, all turn on the "gripman's" utter disregard for human safety. What was half a joke before is now a very serious reality, and, owing to the accident to President Roosevelt, which endangered many lives and was the cause of two

I hear that the resignation of the senior officer in barracks at the time may be said to close the incident of the "ragging" at Windsor. I have already had my say on the subject, and hope that, now that the Army is very much on its trial before the eyes of Great Britain, its officers will remember that such undergraduate foolishness as "ragging" is out of place, to put it as mildly as possible, when men in command are expected to set an example to those whom they command.

The Cavalry Dépôt at Canterbury is once more threatened with extinction, but it is an institution which has been solemnly abolished so often and which springs up again so regularly that the Service will be very much surprised when it really gets its *coup de grâce*. The latest War Office plan is, however, to retain in existence the "Provisional" Regiments, the cavalry corps which were brought together during the War, consisting chiefly of veterans, and which during the past two years have represented the greater part of the regular cavalry in Great Britain. These regiments are in future to consist of veterans who will never be sent on foreign service and of young soldiers who are being trained to take their place in the ranks of the corps abroad so soon as they are old enough and well-trained enough to be sent on foreign service. The Lancer Provisional Regiment at home will feed the Lancer regiments abroad, the Hussar one the Hussars in India and the Colonies, and so on. The plan sounds a pretty and complete one. The new cavalry regiments will correspond, in a way, to the Garrison Regiments of infantry

Abergeldie Castle.



THE PRINCE OF WALES SALMON-FISHING IN THE DEE AT ABERGELDIE.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

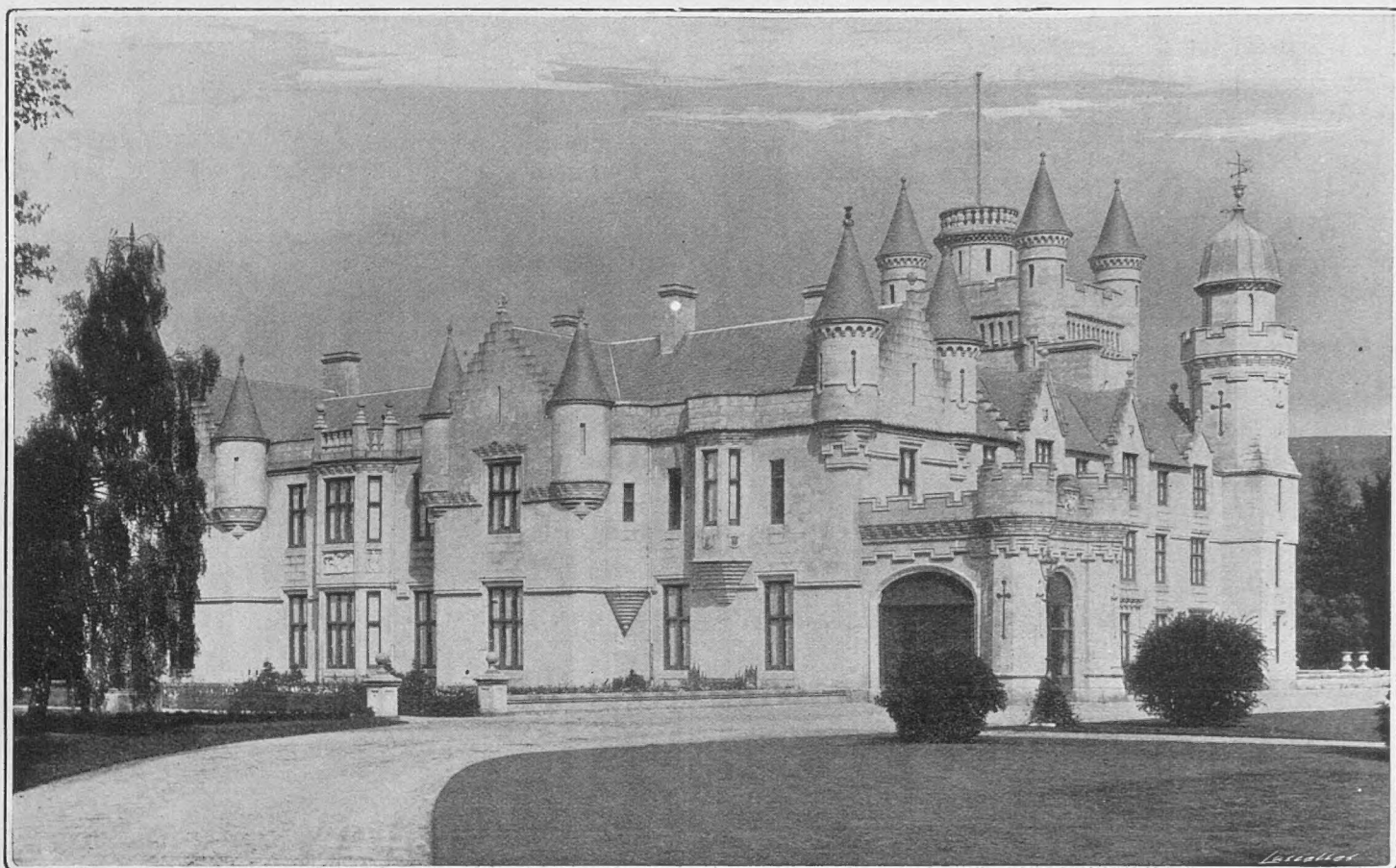
deaths, the recklessness of the motor-men of the trolley-cars has, as a subject of serious conversation across the Atlantic, taken the place of the rashness of the amateur *chauffeurs* of automobiles.

Mr. Roosevelt has in a comparatively few years made for himself a position in world politics, and as a picturesque and determined figure on the stage of the universe he is second only to the Kaiser. As the Mayor of New York—trying to set right the machine of Municipal administration, attempting to purify the city, and, with the great mass of the law-abiding citizens at his back, attacking all the dark powers which lived on and by evil, and bringing his invincible energy to bear against the wall that always seemed to spring up between justice and the law-breakers who had dollars in their pockets—he first attracted the attention of the average Englishman; and when he raised the Rough-Riders for the war in Cuba, the man in the slouch-hat, with rather prominent teeth and pin-nez, became a figure well known in Europe wherever an illustrated paper goes. He became Vice-President, and the assassination of President McKinley sent him to the White House. It would seem that there is a great struggle before him when his present period of the Presidency expires and he stands for a second one. There is every indication that he intends to throw over the "bosses" of his Party and to stand untrammelled by any "machine," so that, if he is returned, he will go back to the White House sent there directly by the will of the people and not tied down to obedience to any particular set of wire-pullers. All this, the strong patriotism of Mr. Roosevelt, his devotion to the "strenuous life," appeals to us Anglo-Saxons on this side of the Atlantic almost as much as it does to our cousins on the other side. So interested, indeed, have many of us become in the man and his work that we have actually attempted to understand what that puzzle of the present age, the Monroe Doctrine, means as expounded by Mr. Roosevelt.

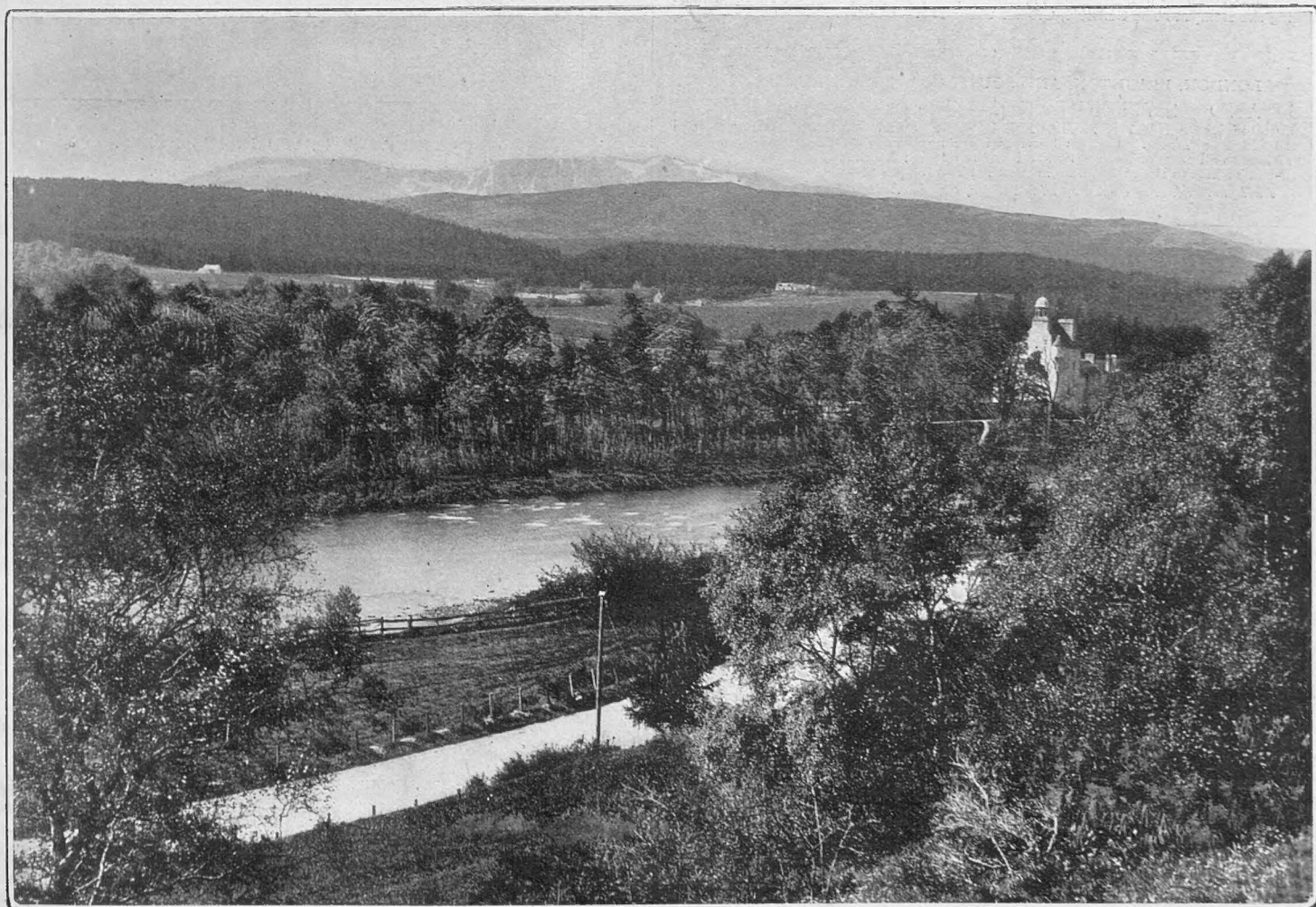
which make a comfortable home now for many veterans who can "man the walls" as well, or better, than their younger fellows-in-arms, but are not capable of sustaining the rigours of a campaign in the field. Canterbury is to become a station for one of the cavalry regiments on the home establishment, and the dépôt is to vanish. Before the War, the 10th Hussars were quartered in the town. Canterbury is still to retain the training-school for rough-riders, and the streets of the old city will still be made gay in consequence by the uniforms of every cavalry regiment in the British Service. The picturesqueness of the scarlet and blue and gold amidst the old buildings is not overlooked by artists, or, indeed, by the tripper who loves the military but does not, as a rule, aspire to a feeling for art.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has lately been enjoying excellent sport on Deeside—deer-stalking and salmon-fishing. A keen all-round sportsman, and probably the best shot of the Royal Family, his favourite sport is undoubtedly fishing, and last week, accompanied by the Princess and his little sons, he was frequently at the riverside. The water being in splendid condition, and the pools well stocked with summer fish, His Royal Highness was very successful with both salmon and grilse. The Prince is an excellent caster, plays his fish with firmness and care, and never fails to bring it to the bank if once it has taken a fairly good hold. Indeed, it is said that he can vie in skill with any angler on the Dee. His Royal Highness is going shortly to Gordon Castle, Banffshire, on a visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, when he will have a few days' salmon-fishing in the Spey. The Prince is to be the guest of Lord Durham in November at Lambton Castle, where there is some of the best pheasant-shooting in the North of England.

THE HIGHLAND HOMES OF THE KING AND QUEEN.



BALMORAL CASTLE, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



ABERGELDIE CASTLE, SHOWING LOCHNAGAR MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.

Photograph by Milne, Aboyne.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, EVERY EVENING at 8, in THE BISHOP'S MOVE. At 8.30, A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 3.

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OCTOBER 8, 9, 10, 11, 1902.

"Elijah," "Antigone" (Mendelssohn), Concerto A Minor and Landdkerknung (Grieg),
Coronation Ode (Elgar), "St. Christopher" (Parker), "Hiawatha" (Coleridge-Taylor), Requiem
(Berlioz), "Emperor" Concerto (Beethoven), Polish Fantasia (Paderewski), "Messiah," &c., &c.
Mesdames Albani, Agnes Nicholls, Clara Butt, Alice Lakin, Brown-Potter, Adela Verne;
Messrs. W. Green, Saunders, Plunket Greene, Andrew Black, Watkin Mills, Leonard Borwick,
and Paderewski. Conductor, G. Riseley. Detailed Programmes (free by Post) apply
WALTER J. KIDNER, Secretary.

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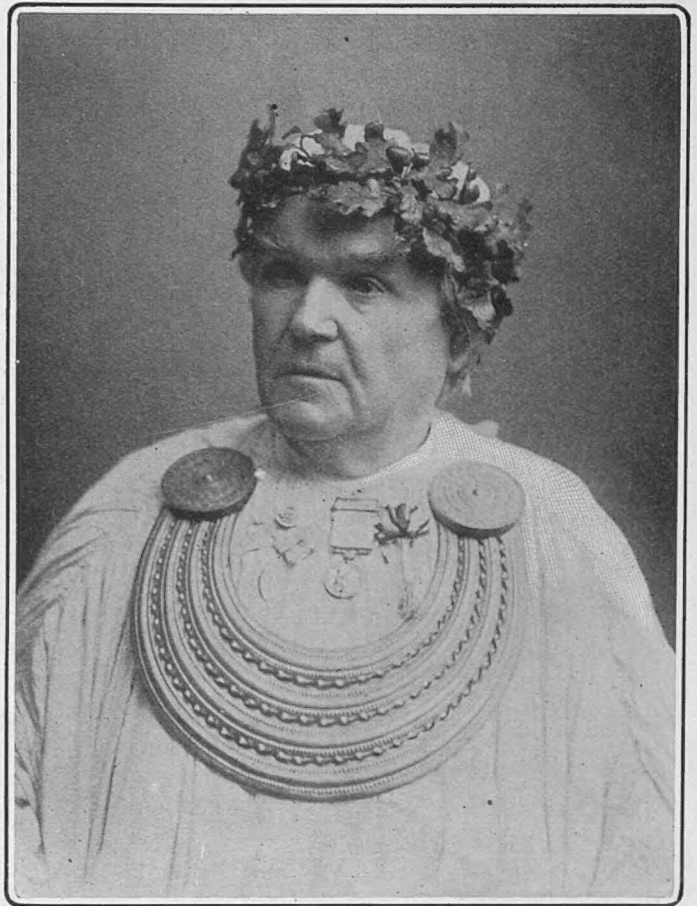
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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting
photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors
the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES
and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and
view submitted.

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT BANGOR.

SENTIMENT is a strong factor in the welding of a nation. The
Union Jack and the toast of the King are symbols of Empire in
the eyes of hundreds of millions. As Empires are knitted, so
are tongues and races. The sorrows of Ireland have been traced by
enthusiasts to the decline of the Erse tongue, and the progress of the
gallant little Principality has been as confidently accredited to its
whole-souled devotion to its inheritance from the fathers. The Welsh
language, with its rich wealth of musical poetry, and the wonderful
Druidic ritual, dating from a pre-Christian era, and by many traced



THE ARCH-DRUID IN HIS ROBES.

Photograph by Slater, Llandudno.

direct to Divine revelation, is the one thing which brings the
conventional choking to the Welsh throat.

During the current week the eyes of Welshmen in the twelve
counties and beyond the seven seas will be on Bangor, where the
National Eisteddfod is being held. The portrait of Hwfa Mon, which
is given on this page, is the one of him in his official robes which has
his special commendation.

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

"The Best of Friends," which is the title of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new
drama anticipated in an earlier part of this issue (page 300), will be
performed for the first time on Thursday, Sept. 18. Mrs. John Wood
plays the leading part, and, as the Parrot Queen—late strong woman—
may be relied upon for the humorous element. She is well supported
by such old Drury Lane favourites as Mrs. Raleigh, Messrs. Sydney
Valentine, Herbert Standing, and C. M. Lowne. The National Theatre
always encourages young talent, and it is quite possible that Miss Maude
Danks and Mr. Sidney Howard, the latter of whom has the longest
part in the piece, will come very much to the front. Although the
ever-necessary sensation-scene comes in the last Act, the third will
probably be found to be the most interesting, for in it a scene occurs,
"The Last Commando," which will probably equal in pathos "The
Last Stand" in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

I learn that Miss Kate Rorke has made such a success with
Mr. "Mystery-of-a-Hansom-Cab" Hume's new drama, "Honours
Divided," just tried at Margate, that she will, for the present, play
that piece only on tour. We are to see "Honours Divided" in
London ere long.

As Mrs. Lewis Waller has decided not to have a season at the
Royalty this year, that theatre may, I gather, be taken by Messrs.
George Giddens and C. B. Cochran for the exploitation of a new
farical comedy written by a lady, and entitled "Sporting Simpson."
This play is to be tried at Glasgow some time next week.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Sovereign in the Far North.

To say that their Majesties' cruise in Northern Scottish waters has proved a success would be understating the truth. Everywhere, especially in those strange, unfrequented islands where, as yet, no Royal feet had trod, King Edward and his beautiful, gracious Consort have been received and acclaimed with rapturous enthusiasm. Never was our Sovereign better inspired than when he decided to make an unconventional and picturesque tour of a portion of his dominions which has so little in common with the rest of the twentieth-century world, and the result has been joy to the people and health to the King.

The King is always prompt in his recognition of gallant actions, and it is therefore not surprising that the brave signal-boy of the old *Victory* who jumped from that vessel in the attempt to rescue the unfortunate seaman blown overboard by the premature explosion of an ancient muzzle-loader, when firing a Royal Salute at Portsmouth, should be the recipient of his favour. To be presented with the Royal Victoria Medal by command of the King is indeed something for a lad to be proud of; but when the presentation is made by the Admiral Commander-in-Chief, on almost the exact spot where Nelson was struck down, and at a special parade of the crew of the historic flagship, the honour is almost unique. Thus, George Henry Pusey, who has been recommended by Admiral Sir Charles Hotham for the Royal Humane Society's Medal, given special leave, and received a gift from Miss Agnes Weston ("the Sailor's Friend"), is not only a brave but a very fortunate lad.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Her Majesty the Queen is an expert with the camera, but it is not so well known that when she snapshotted the Shah at Portsmouth recently she completed an album of practically all the Crowned Heads of the civilised world. In addition, Her Majesty has photographed scores of minor Royalties, who have given sittings at her request. Though the Queen took up photography long after her daughters had become proficient, she is in no way behind them in skill, a fact which she owes largely to Mr. Ralph, of Dersingham, who has been her instructor. Mr. Ralph is an excellent photographic artist, and many fine specimens of his work have appeared in these pages.

A Royal Lady Member of the "R.Y.S."

That Princess Henry of Battenberg has been unanimously elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Yacht Squadron is surely a sign of the times. Perhaps the unique compliment was paid rather to the Governor of the Wight than to the enthusiastic yachtswoman. Be that as it may, the advocates of Women's Rights have undoubtedly scored, and probably the "R.Y.S." will in days to

come find itself expected to extend the same civility to other noted sea-ladies of Royal birth. Her Royal Highness is now more than ever Queen of the Isle of Wight, and the news that her manly young sons have been granted by the King shooting rights over the Osborne demesne has been hailed with great satisfaction in the island.

Lady Cheylesmore.

Lady Cheylesmore, who was, before her marriage to her distinguished soldier-husband, Miss Elizabeth French, of New York, is one of the prettiest and, in the exclusive sense of the word, one of the smartest of Anglo-American Peeresses. As Mrs. Herbert Eaton, she quickly won an enduring place in that section of the great world which can claim to be in a special sense military, and she shared to the full the alternate hopes and fears which beset many a gallant officer's wife during the South African War, General Eaton, as he then was, having been at the time he was ordered to "the Front" the youngest of our Major-Generals. Lord and Lady Cheylesmore are the fortunate owners of a splendid art collection brought together by the former's father, the first Peer of his line. Lord Cheylesmore's great hobby is the collection of medals, and some years ago he wrote a valuable work, entitled "Naval and Military Medals of Great Britain." Lady Cheylesmore is a devoted mother to her two pretty little boys, of whom the eldest is nine years old, the youngest seven.

There is something piquant in the thought that Lord Graham, the eldest son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose and the future chieftain of a great Scottish clan, should decide to offer himself as candidate for one of the vacant seats in the Cape Assembly. Lord Graham is quite one of the most remarkable and interesting of elder sons. He is an enthusiastic sailor, and since he left Eton has spent much time upon the sea, taking a practical interest in the welfare of poor Jack Tar. Lord Graham is the eldest of three brothers; Lord Malise is a Lieutenant in the Royal

Artillery, while Lord Alastair shares Lord Graham's love of the sea and entered the Royal Navy on leaving school.

Two Great Britons. Lord Mount Stephen and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal are indeed men of whom the Empire should be proud. These two Colonial Peers have presented an endowment to King Edward's Hospital Fund which will produce for ever and a day the splendid sum of £16,000 per annum—that is, something not far short of half-a-million sterling. Probably few people are aware that these two great Britons are distantly related to one another. They come from the same part of Scotland, and they have showered benefits on the town of Aberdeen, Lord Strathcona having paid for the extension of Marischal College, while Lord Mount Stephen gave a royal fee to the Royal Infirmary.



LADY CHEYLESMORE.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

*The King of Italy
in Berlin.*

His Majesty the King of Italy received in Berlin a reception by far more splendid than any monarch has received for years. Immense sums of money were flung with lavish profusion in every direction by the wealthier classes; the cafés, hotels, and restaurants were brilliant with red, white, and green; the stately Brandenburger Thor was a mass of green and gilt, and the station at the Potsdamer Thor was hung with flags and garlands from end to end, while gilded eagles—looking, from afar, very fine as they crouched over the lofty portals, but very different and decidedly dirty and dingy when viewed from close at hand—scowled defiance at all comers. The immense avenues and “chaussées,” as the Germans call their boulevards, were strewn with new yellow sand, the paths were lined with fresh-cut turf, the soldiers lined up alongside guarded every approach, and police innumerable afforded safe conduct to Kaiser, King, and Princes alike. When the King of Italy drove through the Unter den Linden in his carriage-and-four, surrounded by police and followed by his suite, the masses cheered him lustily with friendly eagerness. His Majesty saluted constantly and courteously the whole way up this magnificent roadway. He looked what he is—every inch a ruler of men and a courteous gentleman. Never has Berlin looked brighter or more beautiful;

King Leopold.

His Majesty the King will not return just yet from Bagnères de Luchon, where he is enjoying a very pleasant visit. His Majesty's brother, the Duke of Flanders, arrived in Brussels the other day; he looked rather aged and decidedly bent. He is very popular in Brussels and always goes about alone with the greatest delight, just like any ordinary Brussels citizen. He will shortly proceed to his shooting-box at the Bois de Tervueren.

*John Buchan's
Return.*

I hear that John Buchan is returning from South Africa to London, where he will resume his work on the editorial staff of the *Spectator*. Among latter-day literary men there can be very few who have achieved as much as the young author of “John Burnet of Barns.” His first novel was published when he was eighteen, not more than seven or eight years ago, and his subsequent books have been highly praised by the best judges of fiction. On the editorial staff of the *Spectator* he did some remarkably clever work, and his appointment as private secretary to Lord Milner resulted from a leading article written by John Buchan in the great literary weekly on some aspects of the South African situation. The article attracted Lord Milner's attention by reason of its clear grasp of the most important features of the case,



King of Italy. German Emperor.

THE KING OF ITALY AT BERLIN: THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND HIS ROYAL GUEST OUTSIDE THE CASTLE.

never have the decorations been more tasteful or more profuse. The King of Italy should indeed be satisfied with his welcome: it was of the heartiest and brightest imaginable.

*Brussels in
September.*

The Boer Generals have left Brussels, the King of the Belgians has gone, the town is desolate, the streets are “up,” and summer is at last appearing (writes a correspondent). The British Minister is away, having been called back to England in consequence of sad news respecting Lady Phipps. There is only one representative at the present moment of any importance at the British Legation, namely, Mr. Frederick D. Harford, who is replacing Sir Constantine Phipps till the latter's return. Everyone is talking about the recent race from Brussels to Ostend. The people of Brussels are of one opinion only respecting this “Raid,” as they call it, namely, that it was the most useless, the most wanton, and the most senselessly cruel of any race that has yet been held. One of the winners, in a feeble attempt to defend the affair, states as follows in a letter to a Brussels paper: “It is well known that in England, when the fox takes off the hunt at too great a speed or too great a distance, three-quarters of the huntsmen leave their mounts behind on the roads either dead or dying.” Those who are acquainted with Leicestershire meets and with hunting in even the stiffest parts of England will read this paragraph with amusement. I lived for many years in the midst of the Leicestershire hunting country, but never once had an opportunity of seeing the country lanes strewn with dead or dying hunters.

and he called at the office in order to find out the name of the author. Having met John Buchan, he offered him the appointment on his staff, which was accepted; but the young novelist has apparently had as much as he wants of South Africa and has accepted the *Spectator's* offer to return to its editorial fold. We should have some thoughtful articles upon the South African situation as it develops.

Salisbury Plain.

The War Office has widely departed from its original intention with regard to Salisbury Plain, which was to keep that splendid stretch of open country as a manœuvring-ground for the troops in the summer months. Now, however, the Plain bids fair to become a second Aldershot in time, for Tedworth, Bulford, and Perham Down—which, by the way, is always misspelled “Perham Down”—are permanent camps, and barracks for cavalry, mounted infantry, and the artillery of the Second Army Corps are to be begun at once. Those of us who knew the Plain before even the racing-stables had invaded it cannot but regret the change. In those days the Tedworth Hunt had the Downs to themselves, and it was possible to gallop all day over the Beacon Hill country without meeting a soul except some solitary shepherd, save in the villages which nestle in the hollows where the streams run. Still, of course, the welfare of the Army comes before everything; but I cannot help thinking that the Plain would have been more useful as a little-known ground on which to train officers and men in field operations, rather than as a permanent camp, every inch of which will soon be known to those quartered there.

The King at Dunrobin.

The splendid Highland stronghold of the Dukes of Sutherland has once more enjoyed the honour of a visit from the reigning Sovereign. As Prince of Wales, His Majesty, from childhood, made frequent sojourns at Dunrobin; but the last time a Crowned Head stayed in this beautiful castle by the sea was when Queen Victoria, still overshadowed with the deep grief of widowhood, spent a few days with the parents of King Edward's present host. Dunrobin, as regards its present glory, was the creation of the stately Duchess Marjorie, Queen Victoria's first Mistress of the Robes and intimate friend: but the present mistress of Dunrobin has caused to be added many modern comforts and luxuries to her Highland home.

The Heir-Apparent at Abergeldie.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children are spending a quiet, pleasant holiday in the quaint mediæval fortress on Deeside celebrated in Scottish history and verse—

Lassie, will ye gang with me,
Lassie, will ye gang with me,
Lassie, will ye gang with me,
To the Birks of Abergeldie?

So sang the Highland lad to his lady-love, and to this day the splendid woods stretching behind the Castle are justly famed. Abergeldie was for some years the Scottish home of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It was while staying there, very soon after their marriage, that they formed a close friendship with the mother of their future son-in-law, the Duke of Fife. While at Abergeldie the Prince of Wales is able to indulge in his favourite form of sport, fishing, for the best stretch on the Dee is situated almost under the windows of the Castle. The quaint old place is lacking in many modern conveniences, but it was rendered much more comfortable than it had ever been by the Empress Eugénie, to whom the late Queen lent the Castle several autumns.

"Teddy's a True Gentleman!"

When Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States, one of his prominent Rough-Riders is said to have observed: "Well, there's no doubt about one thing—Teddy's a true gentleman!" Never was this indefinable quality shown more truly than in the touching tribute paid by the President to his faithful Scotch servant, Craig, the man who lost his life in the terrible accident which so nearly put an end to George Washington's vigorous latter-day successor. "Craig was a true man through and through, and I was glad to call him my friend," so quoth Craig's sorrowing master, and the sentiment is being quoted as a pleasing sign of Mr. Roosevelt's democracy.

Lord and Lady Llangatlock.

Lord and Lady Llangatlock might well claim to be, had they a mind to do so, the uncrowned King and Queen of Monmouthshire, for in this most lovely Welsh county they own two splendid places, the historic

Hendre, where Royalty has been so often splendidly entertained, and Llangatlock Manor. The Hendre is Lady Llangatlock's favourite country home; when there, she enters with zest into the pleasures and duties of a Lady Bountiful, much aided in dispensing gracious hospitality by her only daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Shelley. Both Lord and Lady Llangatlock and their children are devoted to yachting, and Lord Llangatlock is the fortunate owner of one of the most delightful of yachts, the *Santa Maria*, in which he has made many long cruises. His eldest son and heir, the Hon. John Rolls, was one of the first young Englishmen of rank and wealth who saw how great a future lay before the automobile, and he has become one of the most experienced and clever horseless-carriage drivers in the world.

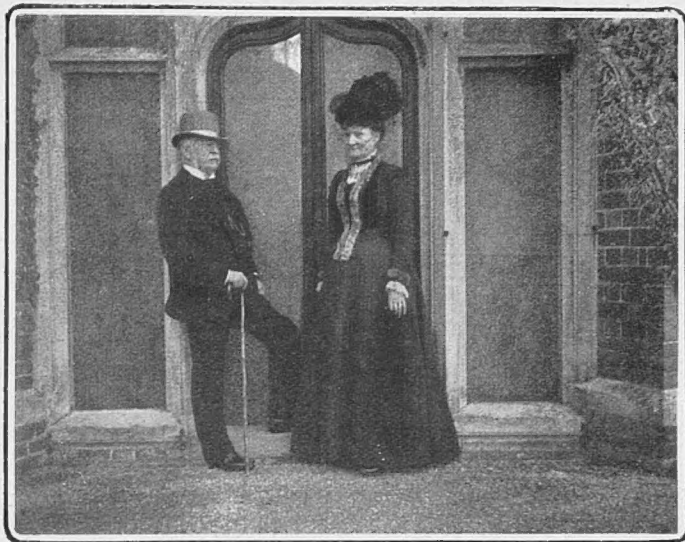
An Extraordinary Personality.

A very large circle of friends will regret the disappearance of Mr. Panmure Gordon, most kindly and in some ways most eccentric of British millionaires. He and his beautiful wife, before her marriage Miss Beverley Hall, of Cumberland, Australia, often entertained Royalty, both in their charming house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, at Loudwater, and in Scotland, among their Royal friends being the German Emperor, who, as Crown Prince, often honoured Mr. and Mrs. Panmure Gordon by his company. Mr. Gordon, who was descended from the famous Fox Maule, first Lord Panmure, had many hobbies, of which certainly

the most extraordinary and the most costly was his love of collecting strange and out-of-the-way vehicles. It is not too much to say that the whole world was ransacked for wheeled conveyances, and he was specially proud of his Egyptian chariots, of his sedan-chairs, and of his curricles. Not content with collecting curious carriages, he designed them, and several quite extraordinary cars were made to his order; these included a delightful sporting caravan, composed of an elaborate kitchen on wheels and of a dining-car. Mr. Panmure Gordon will be much missed in kennel circles. He was President of the Scottish Kennel Club, and both he and his wife took the very keenest personal interest in dog-breeding; he also did much to improve the breed of shooting-ponies.

A Word to Collectors.

There is a great fascination about medals. One of the leading collectors of the world is the King of Italy, who first took up the hobby when a child. Now comes the chance of acquiring Coronation Medals at practically cost-price. The Mint is about to issue them in two sizes, the larger to be struck in gold, silver, and bronze, the smaller in gold and silver only. The Mint is also prepared to "do a deal" in specimen coins bearing our popular Sovereign's effigy, but this will prove to be rather an extravagant luxury, for only complete sets will be sold, and not separate coins. Of course, ancient Coronation Medals are immensely valuable, but in far-off days very few were struck.



LORD AND LADY LLANGATLOCK.



THE HENDRE, THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HOME OF LORD AND LADY LLANGATLOCK.

A Friend of the King. Lord Churchill, though he was born the year following their Majesties' marriage, may count himself as one of the most intimate friends as well as one of the devoted servants of his Sovereign. Godson and namesake of Queen Victoria, Lord Churchill was Page of Honour to the Queen from 1876 to 1881, and eight years later was appointed a



LORD CHURCHILL.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Lord in Waiting. In the interval, he had succeeded his father as third Baron and married a sister of the present Lord Lonsdale. His eldest son and heir—also, by the way, a godson of the late Sovereign—is one of King Edward's favourite Pages. Lord and Lady Churchill are both keenly interested in sport, especially hunting.

The Largest Ship in the World. The new twin-screw steamer *Cedric*, built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, for the White Star Line, and launched a few days ago, is

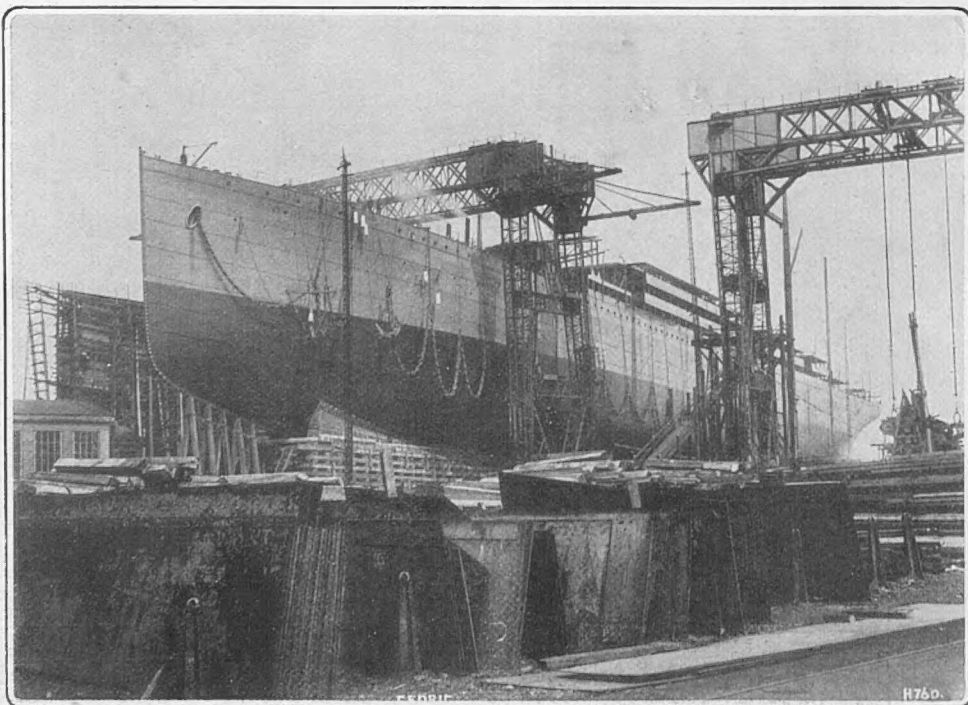
the largest ship in the world. The *Cedric* has been constructed not with the aim of exceeding swiftness, though even in speed she will not be found lacking, but with a view to carrying capacity, and, as her relative cargo-earning power will exceed that of the swifter ships, much of her accommodation will be available at more moderate rates. With a length of 700 feet, a breadth of 75 feet, and a depth of over 49 feet, the vessel is about 21,000 tons gross. The displacement of this leviathan at load-draught will be 37,870 tons, and she has no less than nine decks. Built on the cellular double-bottom principle, she is divided into so many water-tight compartments that a maximum of security is obtained. The *Cedric* will, in fact, be a floating town, as she will carry three thousand passengers and a crew of about three hundred and fifty. Families who can afford to pay for privacy will be able to engage suites of apartments, including bath-room, and there will also be single-berth state-rooms, practically a new feature in ocean liners. A large assemblage witnessed the launch, which was most successful, and a telegram of warm congratulation was received from Mr. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The Navy's Magazine. Most of us are well aware that every little sect or community in Great Britain has its organ, some little publication that draws a modest amount of breath by the subscriptions of the faithful;

but there are not many classes that enjoy a publication established for their special benefit and circulated free of all expense. The British navy—I hope and believe the printer will allow me the double “v”—is a man on whose behalf a monthly publication sees the light. It is a modest sheet, called the *Monthly Letter*, and covers religious ground, seeking to turn the gentle navy from the darkness of the public bar and skittle-alley to the light that shines from the meeting-house. Perhaps a publication that served no other purpose would not receive a large measure of attention, even when given away; but the publishers remember that, while the next world is everything, the present one is something, and they keep accurate lists of all the great works going on over the country, with particulars of the number of men employed, the class of work required, the routes and accommodation, and other details of considerable interest to the navy, who is always a bird of passage. In consequence of the happy blending of things temporal and spiritual, the navy looks forward with great interest to his publication, and reads it with the closest attention, doubtless deriving moral as well as material benefit. Certainly, few classes of workers, whatever the form of their labour may be, can say truly that they are neglected by the folks who have the time and will to labour for good causes.

A Pig Story. I dedicate this little story—a fact slightly twisted to escape recognition—to all lovers of that noble animal the pig. Being at a country cattle-sale a few days ago, I congratulated a farmer on the fine prices realised by some of his fat pigs, which, though less than a year old, were bringing in between four and five pounds apiece. Now, no farmer likes to be told that he is making money; he prefers to believe he is farming at a loss and is in danger of present ruin, so, not unnaturally, my neighbour protested. He told me that, had he sold them when they were a month old, they would have been worth a pound, so that I must deduct that amount from their present price—a statement I have been puzzling over ever since. Seeing I was not convinced, he went on to say that farmers had many heavy losses to contend with. For example, one of his sows had died suddenly in litter, leaving no more than one little pig to join him in lamenting her loss. “What did you do with the little pig?” I asked, innocently. “Did you raise it by hand?” “No,” he said; “that was not necessary, as it happened. One of the dogs had just had a litter of puppies and we had drowned all but one. So I put the little pig with the dog; she reared it with her puppy and took every care of it.” I should have been glad to know whether such a pig is dairy-fed pork within the meaning of the Act, but I did not care to be too inquisitive.

The Shah and the Dentist. A good story is being told in Paris of the Shah, which savours more of previous monarchs than of the present occupant of the Persian Throne. When he went over to France, the Shah suffered from toothache, and so a dentist was summoned to remove the offending tooth. But, like less-exalted mortals, the Shah, when he found himself face to face with the dentist, discovered that his toothache had disappeared, and so absolutely refused to be operated on. However, His Majesty declared that he did not wish the dentist to lose his time, and so commanded that a tooth should be extracted from each of his suite. He said this with his eyes fixed on the ground, and then, suddenly looking up, found, to his intense amusement, that all his Ministers and Staff had quietly slipped away except the Grand Vizier, whom he complimented upon being the only one faithful enough to undergo a little discomfort for his Sovereign's sake, and then dismissed the dentist with a present.



THE WHITE STAR LINER “CEDRIC,” THE LARGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT.

Two Country Girls. With the picturesque photograph reproduced on this page I received the following letter: "DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Squire sends us *The Sketch* every week, and we sees that they are acting *The Country Girl* at Mr. Daly's theatur in London town, so I sends you our picture to show what country girls is really like. Perhaps Miss Evie Greene is just the same as we, for we're still girls yet, though I'm going in seventy this backend, and Martha Jane is seventy-two, and she's still as tough as hemp, but I allers says she was a very stocky child. I allers says, too, that she's so tough because she niver had much eddication, for I reckon nothing of these pale little smither-smathers nowadays, who knows everything except how to work and keep well and let the medicine-bottle have the go-bye. We think we'd like to come up to the theatur, when we've saved a bit of money by all our up-gatherings, for we goes a-gleaning and blackberrying, and we picks sloes from the hedges to make sloe-gin, and we gathers bushels of chestnuts and sells them to the Squire for his deers in the park. Not that I've been to a theatur for fifty years, and then Jim paid ninepence each for a stall at the fair, but he wanted to do the job first-class, for he was a-courting of me. I remember we saw Bill the Smuggler shot, after he'd killed his step-mother because she'd let his little darlings be drowned in the cave. When we come up to the theatur, we'd like to call upon you, Mr. Editor, to see if you likes the way we've been took by the photigrapher, so if you sees two white caps you'll know it's me and Martha Jane. So we now must make our obedience, and hopes you're quite well, as it leaves us at present. From *The Country Girls*."

Sonning Bridges. There is a good deal of regret among up-river boating-men at the action which the Oxfordshire County Council is taking with regard to the bridges at Sonning. At present, the village is one of the prettiest, if not the prettiest, on the Thames, and the projected invasion of its rustic beauties by a modern iron bridge, which, it is understood, will emulate the architectural elegance of the railway-bridge at Charing Cross, deserves the strongest reprobation. Lovers of the river have been crying out against the threatened vandalism all the year, but evidently to no purpose, for the contract has been signed, and before long the work will have been begun. The old wooden-pile bridges, which have stood for a hundred and fifty years, will be swept away, and, though they, no doubt, stand in need of thorough repair, it should not have been impossible to restore or replace them with some regard to the beauties of the river and the village. Traction-engines are said to be responsible for the coming

steel-and-iron bridge, which is likely to be an everlasting eyesore, for even time cannot beautify the strictly utilitarian outlines of round iron pillars and flat girders.

Derwent Water. At last the shores of Derwent Water will be accessible to the general public, for which we have chiefly to thank the Society with the appalling title of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty.

After exertions which have lasted nearly as long as its name, the Society has succeeded in negotiating the purchase of the Brandlebow Estate, which consists of over a hundred acres of land with a good frontage on the lake. Up to the present, the shores of Derwent Water have been in private hands, and consequently they have been closed to the public. Now, however, the thousands who visit Lakeland in the summer will be able to get to the lake, and the opening ceremony will be given an additional interest from the fact that it will be performed by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

Thackeray and New Inn.

The little old-fashioned houses and square of New Inn, which stood so close to and yet so far removed from the roaring Strand, is fast disappearing under the pick of the house-breaker; and with it goes another of those historic places near Temple Bar made famous by the genius of Thackeray. The great novelist wrote of it under the thin disguise of Shepherd's Inn, and there it was that Captain Story had chambers at No. 3, and that Fanny Bolton adorned the Porter's Lodge and had her queer little old-fashioned flirtation with the lordly Arthur Pendennis. Mr. Bows, too, the old musician, lived in Shepherd's Inn with Captain Costigan on the third floor at No. 4. Thackeray's London is disappearing, but the chambers in the Temple which he and his creations, Warrington and Pendennis, occupied are still much as they were when he had them. And long may they be spared.

A New G.W.R. Cap.

This summer has seen an innovation in the caps worn by the servants of the Great Western Railway which is not altogether for the better. The old-fashioned peaked cap to which we have all been accustomed for so many years has been done away with, and in its place the guards and inspectors have a German-looking headgear which gives them an absolutely foreign appearance. It is something of a shock to see these semi-Teutonic officials on so conservative and intensely British a line as the Great Western.



TWO "COUNTRY GIRLS" WHO INTEND TO CALL ON THE EDITOR WHEN THE HARVEST HAS BEEN BROUGHT HOME.



BRINGING THE HARVEST HOME.

Portland Place. Portland Place, with its commodious houses and convenient position, is naturally one of the most-sought-after quarters in London for residential purposes. Conspicuous among the many distinguished people who have established themselves there is Earl Roberts. His house (No. 47) stands almost next to that occupied by the Chinese Legation, the members of which, in their long queues and silken robes, bring a curious touch of Orientalism into



Lord Roberts' House.

LORD ROBERTS' HOUSE IN PORTLAND PLACE.

the almost ultra-Occidentalism of Portland Place. Close to the Commander-in-Chief's residence, but on the opposite side of the street, is that of Mr. Brodrick, an arrangement which the two heads of the War Office doubtless find very convenient when they have to consult one another at short notice. Other near neighbours are Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. William Q. Orchardson, R.A. (at Nos. 12 and 13), Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar (No. 16), Lord Wenlock (No. 26), Sir George Lewis (No. 88), and Mr. Moberly Bell, of the *Times* (No. 98).

A Bishop's Beautiful Garden.

"Where do our greatest preachers and divines find their inspiration?" is a question one often hears, and probably, if an answer were sought direct from the men themselves, the garden attached to their own house would play an important part in the symposium. Of famous "thinking-grounds," the garden surrounding the old Palace at Cuddesden, the demesne of the Bishop of Oxford, must, without doubt, take its place in the front rank—not by virtue of its size, for Bishop Wilberforce described it as "very small and very unimagnificent," but because of its intrinsic rustic beauty and the many associations of learned prelates which a visit to it calls up. Cuddesden Palace and its surroundings owe, of course, much to the famous Samuel Wilberforce who resided there so long. The Bishops of Oxford resided originally in Oxford itself, but Bishop Bancroft, attracted, no doubt, by the fine neighbouring church, and instigated by Laud, built a Palace at Cuddesden in 1635, with timber presented by Charles I. from the neighbouring forest of Shotover. The building was burnt to the ground ten years later by Colonel Legg, Royalist Governor of Oxford, lest it should be used as a garrison by the Parliamentarians. It remained in ruins until Bishop Fell rebuilt it at his own cost in 1679.

But it was Wilberforce who transformed Cuddesden and who so enlarged and improved the house and grounds that, from being a place of very modest accommodation, it was rendered capable of receiving a large number of guests. Unlike most Bishops' gardens, the one at Cuddesden is very productive; the prelates are able to nourish their guests with vegetables plucked from its beds. In choice flowers, too, it abounds; but it is not elaborately bedded, like Lambeth or Fulham. To Dr. Stubbs it was a quiet retreat, and to Wilberforce it was "quite good for me and less expensive than I expected." But, then, the Palace has never had the reputation of being magnificent in the sense of being palatial. It is a home in the truest sense. How many books have been written and planned in this garden it would be difficult to say. Gladstone read Horace in it, and Stubbs made out his pedigrees and corrected his proofs amid its shade. The present resident is the recently appointed Bishop Paget, another learned prelate, who will, doubtless, make Cuddesden and its garden the scene of much literary labour.

Bairns and Baths. The sapient author of Ecclesiastes assured the world some thousands of years ago that there was

nothing new under the sun; if he could be in Edinburgh about the beginning of next month, he might alter his opinions. A great experiment starts in Scotland's Capital—one that may lead to a revolution in our educational system far more sweeping than the new Education Bill about which one-half of Great Britain agrees to differ from the other. A bloodless revolution is to be effected, the stains of years are to be washed away—in short, the bairns attending the Board Schools are to have a bath before work starts. It is a lamentable fact that in the Edinburgh slums most of the poor little waifs and strays are sadly in need of this unaccustomed luxury, and the parents who can keep their children clean and decent are, not unnaturally, averse from sending them to mix with the most neglected classes. Next week the great experiment begins; the small unwashed will be taken to the Corporation Baths, and, where their clothes are not fit to go upon clean bodies, new clothes are to be provided. In order that these clothes may not be pawned by unworthy parents, the services of the Chief Constable of Edinburgh have been secured, and he has instructed Edinburgh's pawnbrokers to make no advances upon these garments, which will be distinctive. Philanthropy has done many kind things for the little ones in past years, but there are few kinder than this to record, and the undertaking is quite a private one. Anybody may assist and will be welcomed.

Partridge Prospects. Partridge-shooting will be late this year—September will be well-nigh at an end before the sport is general throughout Great Britain. The bad, cold weather is, of course, responsible. Birds hatched out fairly well in most districts, but there has not been much sun to encourage and develop their growth, and the absence of sun has delayed the harvest. In parts of the North of England and Scotland the corn is not yet cut, and will not be cut for another fortnight. The harvest will be at least one month late—indeed, in the more exposed country one may still see scores of fields where the grain has still to turn from green to gold. Partridges are wise birds in their generation: they are not going to leave the cover that has not been disturbed for the sake of any sportsmen. So in many places invitations for the First of September had to be cancelled and the 15th or 22nd of the month substituted. The corn is full of game in districts north of the Tweed; the blackcock and grey hen find refuge there, and the wild pheasants follow or set the example. Rabbits and hares are always in the corn, so, when the self-binders begin to go round, there will be some pretty shooting and some exciting moments, particularly if the horses in the reaping-machines are not broken to gun-fire.

Mrs. Cameron Lucy's Deer-Forest.

The King's visit to Kinlochmore for the deer drive provoked some confusion in the Press, as the place was called Mamore by some and Kinlochmore by others. Kinlochmore is the name of the house, which is situated at the head of Loch Leven, and Mamore is the name of the deer-forest surrounding it. Mrs. Cameron Lucy, of Callart, near Onich, is the proprietress of Mamore Forest, which covers some thirty-five thousand acres and is reckoned one of the finest in the country, and Mr. Frank Bibby, of Liverpool, is the tenant. Mrs. Cameron Lucy's late father, Campbell of Monzie, initiated the King's father, the late Prince Consort, into the mysteries of deer-stalking. The initiation did not take place in the Mamore Forest, but in Glenartney, near Comrie, in Perthshire, a very fine forest belonging to the Earl of Ancaster. In spite of most elaborate precautions and the combined efforts of a large body of men, it was found impossible, on the occasion of King Edward's visit, to get the stags through the pass where the Royal party was stationed.



CUDDSDEN PALACE, THE HOME OF THE BISHOP OF OXFORD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS STUBBS, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE BISHOP.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

English Authors to the Rescue.

There is an honest admission among French publishers that no book of good and pure intent has the slightest chance in Paris (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). The books issued for the seaside season this year were absolutely unspeakable. It is significant that the owners of the most largely circulated journals are falling back upon English masters for their *feuilletons*. This week, I notice, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" starts, and within the last few months Dickens has been called upon for "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Oliver Twist," and Rudyard Kipling for "Kim." The publishers are watching English successes with the keenest interest.

The Duchess and the Guide.

This is a perfectly true story and has never gone forth to the world. One of the most beautiful Duchesses in England, visiting Rome, secured the services of a guide and instructed him to take her baggage to the station. He was a polyglot individual, and became more and more nervous as he saw train-time approaching. The Duchess refused to be hurried, and the guide, in despair, said, "All I have to say is dis, dat you vill never catch dat train if you don't pull up your socks." Then her Ladyship used smelling-salts.

A Rainy Corneville.

There was an enormous fore-gathering at Corneville for the annual open-air fête of "Les Cloches de Corneville." I can recall no more dismal affair. The canvas awning that had been put up to guard against the sun was torn to ribbons by the storm, and at times the voices of the performers were drowned. It was a thousand pities, for the lunch in the orchard was impossible. So much artistic fervour is put into preparing this festival that it is a passing calamity in a theatrical way.

At the Play.

I should forecast a very agreeable season with a number of distinct novelties. Porel, at the Vaudeville, has accepted several plays which he speaks of enthusiastically; Franck, at the Gymnase, is delighted with the little crop he selected during his holiday; Guitry will, naturally, be the lion of the season with his new theatre and lavish programme; Coquelin is hesitating, but will probably go back to the historic; Antoine has thirty novelties in hand. Sarah, I regret to say, is so mysterious that I can prophesy nothing.

The Parvenu's Pride.

The splendid and historic château of the Duchesse d'Uzès in the Champs-Élysées is no more. For years the Duchess had been tired of Paris. She could ill stand the strain of the attacks of the most scurrilous order that were levelled at her through her connection with Boulangism and Dreyfusism. The purchaser was Dufayel, the Paris Whiteley, for £120,000. When his friends remonstrated with him for committing what was almost an act of vandalism, he said, "We got tired of living in houses that other people have thrown over." He contemplates the foundation of some palatial kennels, for he buys every dog that strikes him.

The Thug Scourge.

The desperate deeds of the different bands of Hooligans in Paris show no signs of being stamped out—in fact, every night is more thickly crowded with horrors. One old gentleman has been hunted out, and he may be taken as the father of the gangs. It is he who does all the tattooing, and he is most philosophical. He has perfect models of all the different badges, and, on an average, turns out fifty new members a-day.

A Novel Sport.

Melun was the scene of a decidedly novel sport this week. There was the usual betting of hats on minor incidents, when two members made a wager of a hundred louis. Each took his silk hat and nailed it to a tree. Guns

were fetched, and at a distance of twenty-five mètres they opened fire. The shots were to be recorded in the bottom of the hat, and once the brim was touched the competitor was disqualified. The winner put in eighty-eight, and then the joyous band returned to Paris and dined and wineed at Paillard's, and more than the stakes was spent.

Sir Campbell Clarke.

The most prominent Englishman in Paris life passed with Sir Campbell Clarke, the brilliant Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. His handsome face was familiar at every first-night, for his admiration for the drama amounted to a passion. In art he was just as popular, and his collection in his hôtel in the Champs-Élysées was one of the sights of Paris. He will be remembered mainly for allying London with Lutetia. His "Paris Day by Day" revolutionised the work of the Correspondents. The dry-as-dust extracts from Blue Books and reports of the *Chambre des Députés* were sandwiched in with actual Paris, with her crimes, her joys, and all her thousand-and-one frivolities.

A Bois Mystery.

It has always been generally believed that the Humberts' hiding-place is in the Bois de Boulogne. The evidence of a cabman picturesquely describes the drive, the sudden halt in a dark avenue, a liberal *pourboire*, and then a heap of luggage on the roadside and the sound of approaching carriages in the distance. The affair has led to shocking practical joking. Tired men on their holidays with their families have received post-cards from "friends" vaguely worded, but referring to "Romain D.," "Eva," and the need for care. Naturally, the thousand-pound reward has set the whole village in a thrill, and the unfortunate man has been glad to get away. I shall not be at all surprised if the Humberts are caught. The Combes Ministry is shaky, and it has always been traditional in French politics to have a big scandal in hand to excite and distract public opinion.

A Humbert Echo.

The marriage of Mlle. d'Aurignac, niece of the famous Romain, with an insurance clerk named Picquet was a gloomy affair. All the old relatives were in mourning and sobbing bitterly. The bride was too nervous to respond and her hand trembled.

An American-Russian Princess.

Great Britain has a charming group of Anglo-American Peeresses, and some of the greatest French names, those dating from the days of the

Crusades, are borne by the fair daughters of Uncle Sam; but few of the territorial nobles of Russia and Germany have sought wives on the other side of the Atlantic, and St. Petersburg Society would be all the more amusing and brilliant were there more American hostesses in the City on the Neva. Princess Engalitcheff is the exception that proves the rule, and, as the Emperor and Empress of Russia are both known to delight in the company of English-speaking folk, whether English or American, doubtless the example of the pretty American Princess will be followed in the near future by other twentieth-century belles of the Four Hundred.

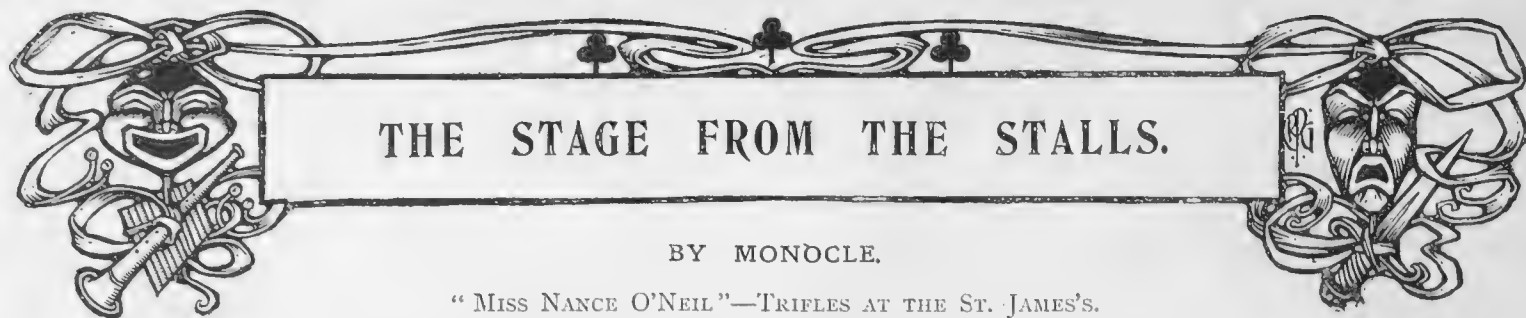
The Trials of an "M.F.H."

If the late lamented Mr. Jorrocks were still among us, it is possible that he would reconsider his remarks on the glory of being a Master of Hounds. At any rate, never have so many Masters resigned in one season as during the present year. Hunting is no longer what it used to be even five-and-twenty years ago. Railways cut up the country and bring crowds of sportsmen who have no local interests whatever; shootings are now frequently let to strangers who care for little except big bags, or are kept by their owners for one or two great days, the result being that hounds are severely kept out of the coverts till quite late in the season.



PRINCESS ENGALITCHEFF.

Photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONDLE.

"MISS NANCE O'NEIL"—TRIFLES AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

A CELEBRATED person—I believe Oxenstern, a Swedish Chancellor—advised his son to go into the world and see with how little wisdom it is governed. I cannot spell the Chancellor's name correctly, or give the precise words he used, since, at the moment, I am far from books, or, indeed, anything—including even the fish that I am trying to hope to catch. The son could have learnt some useful lessons in the theatrical world. For instance, in the unwisdom last week of a young Californian actress who began her first campaign in London to win fame—and, presumably, farthings as well. She might be called a new-comer, since her appearance at a casual trial-matinée, some years ago, had attracted little attention. It is announced that she has a Répertoire Company which can present several interesting works, including an Ibsen play new to London. What does she choose for that first appearance? That Ibsen play which would, at least, have interested all the critics, even if it had caused the indignation of the many who believe that Ibsen is a kind of Scandinavian Anti-Christ and that all his works are as unclean as eels to Scotsmen or frogs to the English? No; she chooses "Magda"—a showy play acted to death of late years, a piece presented in London since 1895 in German, French, Italian, and English. "Magda" has little real meaning for us, though I believe that "Heimath," the original, is really interesting to the Germans. The audience in the battles of wills which constitute drama must be on one side or the other, or else will not be much moved. The average Briton is disposed to say "A plague o' both their houses!" concerning the parties in Sudermann's play. He hardly believes in the super-impérative father or the *cabotine* daughter who has overlived her own life. The historian may be interested in seeing how much survives in Prussia of the old Roman and old Hebrew idea of absolute paternal authority, which, perhaps, has vanished too completely amongst us. The result, of course, was that most of the first-night house went to the play as our grandfathers to the Italian Opera, with the idea of listening to the "star" songs and gossiping during the intervals of recitative: they took the plums and did not eat the pudding, but left it on the plate. We went to see how Miss Nance O'Neil would play certain scenes, and, as standard of comparison, had vivid memories of the work in them of Bernhardt, Duse, and Patrick Campbell. We hoped that the new-comer would surpass them in these scenes, and probably, if this had been the case, we should have refused to believe our senses and judgment and denied that she had.

The result was the expected. Talent which might have seemed remarkable to us if more wisely used appeared trifling. We listened with languid interest at first to each new performer, had a momentary glow when Magda was announced, and then watched without emotion. I firmly believe that Miss O'Neil acted much better than I thought that she did, and I think she showed greater ability than was admitted by most of us. At the same time, it is quite clear that she is not in the same class as the actresses I have named, and I fear it is unlikely that she will ever be their real rival, although I must admit that she was much affected by imperfection of technique. She does not appear to possess the mysterious charm which, whether you call it genius or temperament, distinguishes two or three others. Nevertheless, some of her work was admirable, and she shows a desire to avoid obvious theatricality. Some critics complained that she turned her back too often on the audience. What a pity that the others do not share this crime! How well do I recollect Duse in D'Annunzio's horrible play, "La Gioconda," calmly sacrificing in the last Act the scene of a young actress by causing her to kneel with her back to the audience when she told her long story, whilst the "star" sat and faced us and worked her face wonderfully to express the emotions caused by the story, and almost ignored the poor girl! Miss O'Neil played the big "Io sono io" scene superbly: she was less prodigiously crushing to Von Keller than others have been—indeed, the pathetic aspect of the matter seemed more to affect her than the wickedness, and there were tears in her voice as well as real tears in her eyes.

There seemed in her performance to be a curious contest between representing the part as it had been taught, or rather, rehearsed, and playing it on the impulse of the moment. She has not reached the state where art hides its workings, and one was conscious of an embarrassment—which, perhaps, did not exist—in her movements on the stage. She was quite the most German of the non-Teutonic Magdas, obviously a merit, though the setting of the scene was quaintly uncharacteristic. She was German enough to be needlessly uncoquettish, or daring enough, like Réjane, to be unbecomingly tearful; real tears play wicked games with a "make-up." To sum up, here is an actress rich in natural gifts, with much intelligence, but, I

fancy, a limited range, since she gives one an idea that the part of Lady Macbeth (in due course) or Leah (in a new version, let me hope) would suit her better than the *grandes amoureuses* characters now in vogue. Yet, at the same time, one must note that she has a true power of pathos and would make an admirable Mrs. Heller.

The rest of the Company is not remarkable. Mr. McKee Rankin, "made up" to resemble Bismarck, did a trembling business constantly with his right hand to indicate the "stroke" from which he suffered, and at times got on my nerves, as does the cough of some actresses in "La Dame aux Camélias." These painful physical details are not necessary. No doubt, the pieces demand something of the sort—so much the worse, but it should be minimised. Certainly his representation of the old man, as an irascible old man, was clever, but he was not the particular irascible old man of the play in whom is a certain touch of grandeur. Curiously, it happened that one or two of his explosions of emotion, though true to life, had a touch of comicality in them which made the audience titter.

The production of "Magda" brings forward vividly the fact that there are two theories radically different concerning the relation of the actor to drama—the one that the player exists to present the play, and the other that the play exists to present the player. Probably few would have quite the courage to say that the actor's art is higher than the dramatist's, though something very much like such a proposition has been put forward; but I think that the general public attaches more importance to the work of the player than to that of the playwright, and certainly, though "The Man in the Street" could tell you the names of many of our actors and actresses, and give some account of their triumphs, he could not mention the names of half-a-dozen living dramatists. That, so far as real drama is concerned, the player's function is lower than the dramatist's seems to me so obvious as to need no demonstration, and yet the triumphs of the actor and his influence on drama have been greater than those of the author. We have at present one dramatist able to enforce the dramatist's point of view, and I am not confident that he will always be able to hold out against the policy which prevents the author from writing his play without considering who is going to play it, and, consciously or not, shaping his characters according to given players and not according to his own concept. The consequence of this in the long run will, I believe, be fatal to English drama, which already is tending to falsify the fond hopes raised a few years ago.

A second matter for the student of the world is the swiftly removed ballet in "If I were King," which caused a play, already weak in action, to stand still at a vital moment. It was not a pretty ballet nor well danced; but the point does not lie there—it lies in the sudden stoppage of the play by an absolutely impertinent introduction. It is as if you were to interrupt the dinner of a hungry man by playing a piece of music to him. Even if in this particular case the ballet had been remarkably pretty, the halt in the play would have been disastrous. Cases are rare where, after the first Act, either song or dance can be safely introduced into a real play unless they actually help the action. Another matter for elimination is the white charger. That the Grand Constable of France would really have ridden something like a cart-horse is immaterial, but an entry on the class of horse which can safely be ridden on to a crowded stage is undesirable. Mr. Alexander may or may not be able to witch the world with noble horsemanship—as to this I know nothing—but his entrance on the charger, painfully unsuggestive of the horse on which Mazeppa (not the circus Mazeppa) did his little ride, is not impressive. The gee-gee really looks as if accustomed to travel in what it would not look upon as a vicious circle.

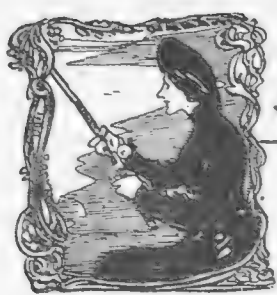
Next Monday there will be a grand production at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, under the direction of Mr. Robert Courtneidge, of "As You Like It," with Miss Nora Kerin as Rosalind, Mr. Gerald Lawrence as Orlando, Mr. Holbrook Blinn as the Melancholy Jaques, and Mr. Courtice Pounds as Touchstone. It is to be hoped that Londoners may have an early opportunity of witnessing this very interesting revival.

Mr. Arthur Collins informs me that, in all probability, Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new Drury Lane drama will be called by the name which I published in *The Sketch* some weeks ago, namely, "The Best of Friends." Certain other names, however, are being talked of as we are going to press, namely, "Forgive and Forget," "Honour and Glory," "Friendship," and "Lest We Forget." Personally, I prefer the last-named. Mr. Raleigh, however, seems to have a fondness for the first of these five.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE IN THE TITLE-PART OF "MY LADY MOLLY."

Photograph by Warrington, Liverpool.



SPORTING LEAVES

FROM THE
DIARY OF
AN ACTIVE
AUTUMN



II.—AMONG THE GROUSE.

THE guns begin to collect on the lawn in front of the house, where the dogs are gambolling round as though they know they must soon come to heel and behave themselves. Breakfast is over, but the dew is still upon the grass and the summits of the hills that rise all round us are veiled in mist. Students of the weather declare that the day is going to be very fine indeed, an ideal Twelfth, and the keenest sportsmen are heard to say that late arrivals ought to be left behind. Happily, the necessity for such an extreme measure is avoided by the appearance of the last two guns, who are not more than five minutes late and have come ten miles across country. There is brief exchange of greetings, the route and plans are explained by our host, and then we move off the lawn on to the meadow in line. Two grass-fields and the hillside separate us from the moor where we shall walk after our birds and earn every shot.

In the second meadow, two rabbits start up and race from the advancing guns, only to tumble head-over-heels well and truly shot, and then we pause to empty guns and climb over the stone dyke that edges the hill. Now is the time to test physical condition, for the hillside is steep, stony, and very long—the summit seems to be a mile away. The mist is rolling off it in light clouds; one catches sudden glimpses of great stretches of country, hills and valleys, an occasional farm-house and well-ordered fields of late-ripening corn. By the time the summit is reached and we are well on the level amid the heather, the mist has gone and the splendid panorama lying before us fully repays us for the exertion of the climb. A brief pause for wind, and then the broken line is re-made. There are six guns in all, and we move in a beat about one hundred yards wide. Word has passed that rabbits are to be left alone, and we go slowly through heather reaching almost to the knees. The silence is profound; no man has thoughts for anything but what may lie before him. We move on to a point where the moor dips slightly, and as we reach the top of it the

his feet. Once past the dip, we find another covey that wheels past the far gun on the right and goes quite unchallenged. Perhaps it is as well, for it will light again and give us a better chance. By the moorside are rabbit-burrows in plenty, and once or twice a rabbit bolts across some patch where the heather is thin; but the hour of the



rabbits has yet to come—we do not wish to frighten the birds more than is necessary. Another covey, about ten in all, comes up right in front of me; but, though my immediate neighbours and I follow them with our guns, nobody fires—the birds are no more than half-grown, a very late brood. We do not wait long for our reward; thirty yards more and we are at the edge of another dip, where eight fine, well-grown birds go forward, not very fast. This is such a chance as the Twelfth of August often brings in its train, and justice is done to it. So the walk progresses and the birds come to bag, the bulk of the shooting being easy by comparison with what it will be two or three weeks hence.

The bag is quite a respectable one by the time the far end of the hill is reached, and we pause for a brief space to rest before taking the return beat with half the guns on the moor and half on the hillside. This time the rabbits are to be included in the bag, and the shooting is very pretty, for some of the coveys go off the moor and sweep right round to get back behind the guns. This manoeuvre is successful only to the extent of the birds' ability to pass unscathed over the men on the hillside, who are the best shots of the party. Now the retrievers are busy, for some grouse fall on rocky ledges and stony paths that would give but a poor foothold to any but goats or mountaineers. The hillside shooting is difficult, for, when the foothold is rather insecure, a great effort is needed to get a quick, steady aim without overbalancing. Some simple shots are missed by men who find their feet slipping as the gun comes to their shoulder. When we get back to the starting-point it is time for lunch.

Woe to the men who do not strive to conquer the healthy appetite born of the morning amid the heather! The same to the men who yield to the thirst born of the hard walking and are not content to plunge their hands and arms in the springs of ice-cold water. These imprudent ones are anxious to lie on the grass when they have eaten, almost too lazy to smoke, and the return to the moor is a very difficult journey. But there are two splendid beats to be negotiated, and, once the birds begin to rise again, the fatigue is forgotten. There are few "cheepers," there is no sign of unhealthy birds, and they all lie fairly close. Moreover, there is enough wind to make the walking cool without giving the birds a difficult flight. When we come down to the house, what time the sun is behind the hills and there is a touch of autumn in the evening air, the bag is laid out on the stone floor; the result is a very creditable one, and our host's satisfaction is undisguised. He is justified: a finer Twelfth is seldom met, and no one of his party ever had a more enjoyable day.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



first covey of the season rises well away on the left in low, smooth flight, within range of the last three guns. Twelve rose, eight went away; four have fallen amid the heather, so conspicuously that the dogs are kept to heel and the line moves on in time for one of the middle guns to account for another pair of birds rising almost under

THE LAVENDER HARVEST.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT MITCHAM, SURREY, DURING THE LATTER PART OF AUGUST.



CUTTERS AT WORK. THIS LAVENDER IS GROWING ON FOUR-YEAR-OLD ROOTS.



IN THE TRACK OF THE REAPERS.



COLLECTING AND PLACING THE LAVENDER IN MATS.



PEGGING UP THE MATS FULL OF LAVENDER.



CARRYING THE MATS OF LAVENDER TO THE WAGGON.



LOADING THE WAGGON WITH LAVENDER FOR THE DISTILLERY, WHERE THE ESSENTIAL OIL IS EXTRACTED.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XIII.—“STOCKS.”

ALTHOUGH within an easy railway journey of London, “Stocks,” the noble old mansion to which Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward some years ago moved their country household gods from Haslemere, is situated amid some of the finest sylvan scenery in England. Both Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire claim the honour



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AT HOME: HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

of possessing “Stocks,” for through the little estate, one of the few remaining demesnes of its size mentioned in Domesday Book, runs the invisible line dividing the two counties.

The whole neighbourhood of “Stocks” is full of associations to those interested in English history and in British literature. The old house itself was once the temporary dwelling-place of that most charming seventeenth-century poet, Waller, and in the leafy garden which is one of the greatest charms of Mrs. Humphry Ward’s country retreat still stands the trunk of what must have been an enormous tree—what remains is forty-three feet in girth—while in its giant harbourage a rude niche hewn out of the wood is still locally known as “The Poet’s Seat.” Of more moment still, Sir Walter Scott spent many happy days in the quaint high rooms where the authoress of “Robert Elsmere” now dispenses kindly hospitality to her friends and neighbours, and the neighbouring village of Ivinghoe is believed to have suggested the title of Sir Walter’s famous novel.

The most charming feature of “Stocks,” and one often lacking in very ancient manor-houses, is the lightness and spaciousness of the principal living-rooms, many of which open out of the large entrance-hall, which is hung with some fine pictures and contains much quaint furniture. All the principal windows of the house look out on the old-world gardens, composed of stately lawns edged with brilliant blossoms, an unusual feature being the statuary, which includes a very curious figure that appears to mount guard on the wall of the sunk fence dividing the gardens from the park.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is a methodical worker, spends a portion of each day, generally the morning hours, in the pretty study where her last three books have been written; but, like so many women writers who have achieved fame, the author of “Robert Elsmere” may truly claim to be a woman first, a writer afterwards. She is keenly interested in all that concerns her husband and her children, and many

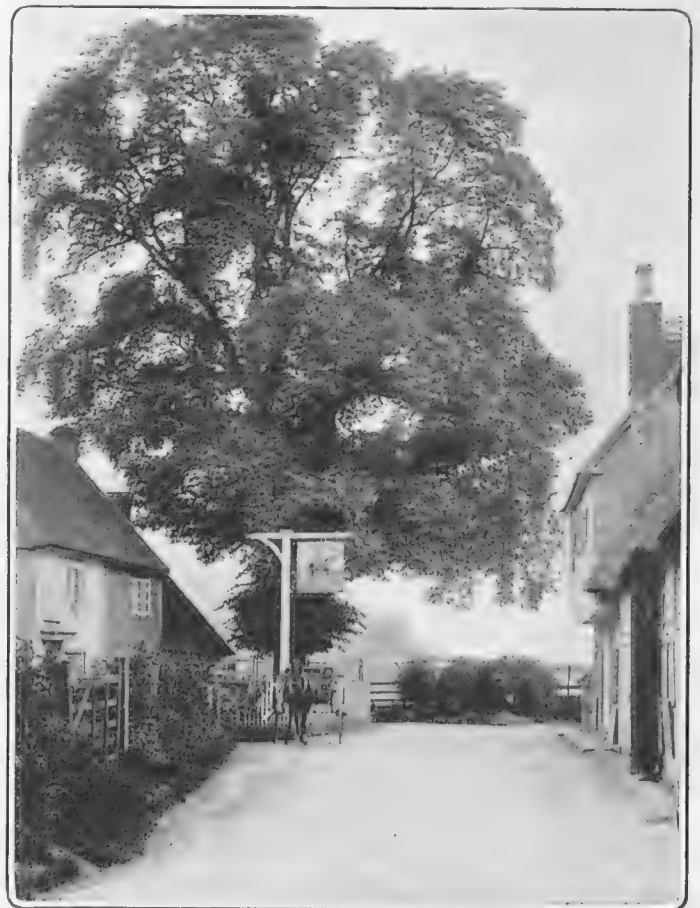
happy gatherings of young people take place in the house, which has now been a homestead for close on a thousand years. In the park, containing some fine timber, a golf-course of nine holes gives the art critic of the *Times* no excuse for neglecting the open-air exercise which is supposed to be so vitally necessary to the brain-worker.

In many of her books, Mrs. Humphry Ward has shown her keen delight in Nature, and she must be indeed happy in a neighbourhood which includes in immediate vicinity the old-world village of Aldbury, with a village-green still containing the wooden stocks and whipping-post where rural malefactors were once corrected, while close by is the pond where, till comparatively lately, village scolds received good duckings. In the church of Aldbury, filled with quaint memorials of the Verney and Harcourt families, took place the funeral service of the two gamekeepers whose murder in a neighbouring wood created so great a sensation on the countryside, and of which dramatic use was made by Mrs. Humphry Ward in “Bessie Costrell.”

The present owners of “Stocks” were both well known in London Society long before “Robert Elsmere” made Mrs. Humphry Ward’s name familiar to the whole English-speaking world; but, unlike almost all her sisters of the pen, Mrs. Ward, though she spends her life between London and Buckinghamshire, has kept her personality very distinct from her work, and she is said to be the only author of world-wide repute, if Mr. George Meredith be excepted, who has never granted an interview to even the most distinguished of journalists or newspapers. This is the more interesting and characteristic when it be remembered that Mrs. Ward is an active philanthropist as well as a writer, and that, just as the People’s Palace sprang from “All Sorts and Conditions of Men,” so the Passmore Edwards Settlement owed its being to “Robert Elsmere.”

When in London, Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward devote much of their spare time to this interesting West-End Settlement, which, situated at the corner of Tavistock Place, now occupies a larger area than even Toynbee Hall. There Mrs. Ward sees her dream of brotherhood between the rich and the poor realised in practical fashion, a joy given to but few of the world’s dreamers.

Mr. Humphry Ward was, at the time of his marriage to Miss Mary Arnold, a popular Oxford don. He drifted, as do so many brilliant Oxford men, from teaching to journalism, and for close on twenty years it has been an open secret that he is the author of the able art criticisms which have now been for so long a special feature of the *Times*. Mr. Ward has made some important and valuable contributions to biographical literature, and it is pleasing to note that both his and Mrs. Ward’s remarkable gifts seem to have been inherited by their young son, who was equally successful both at Eton and at Oxford.



A GLIMPSE OF ALDBURY VILLAGE, WHICH ADJOINS “STOCKS,” THE HOME OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



"STOCKS," MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE, HERTS.



THE HOUSE FROM THE DRIVE.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE autumn publishing season has certainly begun auspiciously. There has, of course, been the usual enormous sale for Marie Corelli's new novel, but other fiction—notably Mr. Merriman's new novel, "The Vultures"—is selling well. It is evidently going to be a year for the old favourites. Practically all the popular authors of the day are to be represented by new books this autumn. Of course, it is impossible to predict a new writer's success with any certainty, but, up to the present, I have not heard of any book by a new author which it is thought is likely to create a sensation.

The latest literary news from America is to much the same effect. The "literary prodigy and his first babe of lightning growth" are no more. "Apparently," says the *New York Times*, "the public is sick of him, his multiple editions, and his fantastic contortions to keep his name in prominence, and the publishers have taken the hint. He will now have plenty of time to study grammatical usage and English composition"—which is unkind but hardly undeserved.

The first volume of the new biographical edition of Dickens's works will be published on Sept. 15. The books are to be published in chronological order. Each volume will be prefaced by a biographical introduction, giving the history of each book and its place in Dickens's life. These introductions will not be technical or bibliographical in any way, but purely biographical, and it is hoped that the edition, when complete, will present a clear and interesting story of the literary life of Charles Dickens.

Mr. J. H. Stoddart, the veteran New York actor, has in preparation a volume of "Recollections of a Player," which will be published shortly by the Century Company. The work will be prefaced by an introduction by Mr. William Winter.

Miss A. Macdonell, the author of "The Story of Teresa," which attracted considerable attention early this year, has written an important work on the "Sons of St. Francis," which embodies the histories of the companions and disciples of St. Francis of Assisi. The volume will be profusely illustrated.

Mr. Seton Merriman's new novel, "The Vultures" (Smith, Elder), is the best book he has written for years. For the scene of his story he has returned to Russia, and he is never so happy as when telling of plots and counterplots in that land of mysteries. "The Vultures" is, indeed, a fit companion for that admirable novel, "The Sowers." It is one of those books, so rare nowadays, that one reads at a sitting. It grips. And, for once, Mr. Merriman's curious and tantalising style, elliptical and full of mannerisms and moralisings, does not interfere with the story. Perhaps there is less style and more story; perhaps the style suits the story better than in his recent novels. It was not an easy thing to make these "Vultures" convincing. It was not an easy thing to make them human, and many novelists have failed

badly when they have tried to make men out of diplomats. But Mr. Merriman has succeeded in interesting the reader in personalities as well as in plots.

The character-drawing in "The Vultures" is admirable, with one exception. Netty Cahere is thoroughly disappointing. She turns out to be a heartless flirt, but throughout two-thirds of the story she is quite charming.

"The Vultures"—it is a good name, and I wonder if Mr. Merriman invented it—are the scavengers of their respective Foreign Offices. "It was their business to be found where the carcase is." And in this instance the carcase is Poland during the last days of Alexander II.—the Alexander who said at Warsaw, "Gentlemen, let us have no more dreams!" It is of the dreams which Poland dreamt in spite of the Czar that Mr. Merriman writes.

I am more than sorry that Mr. Merriman has yielded to the prevailing fashion and allowed his story to end with a pitiful "perhaps." It was so unnecessary. In romance, at least, let us be romantic. It would have been so easy to have added a final chapter of the "happy-ever-afterwards" style, and I, for one, think that an excellent story is spoiled a little by the omission.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs' new volume of short stories, "The Lady of the Barge," will be published in October by Messrs. Harper.

"Garrett Mill" is the *nom-de-guerre* assumed by a lady well known in India who has written a novel of Anglo-Indian life, entitled "The Colonel Sahib," which will be published immediately.

"Monsieur Martin," Wymond Carey's historical novel, recently published, is to be dramatised in America. "Wymond Carey," it is said, is the *nom-de-guerre* of a well-known Oxford Fellow.—O. O.



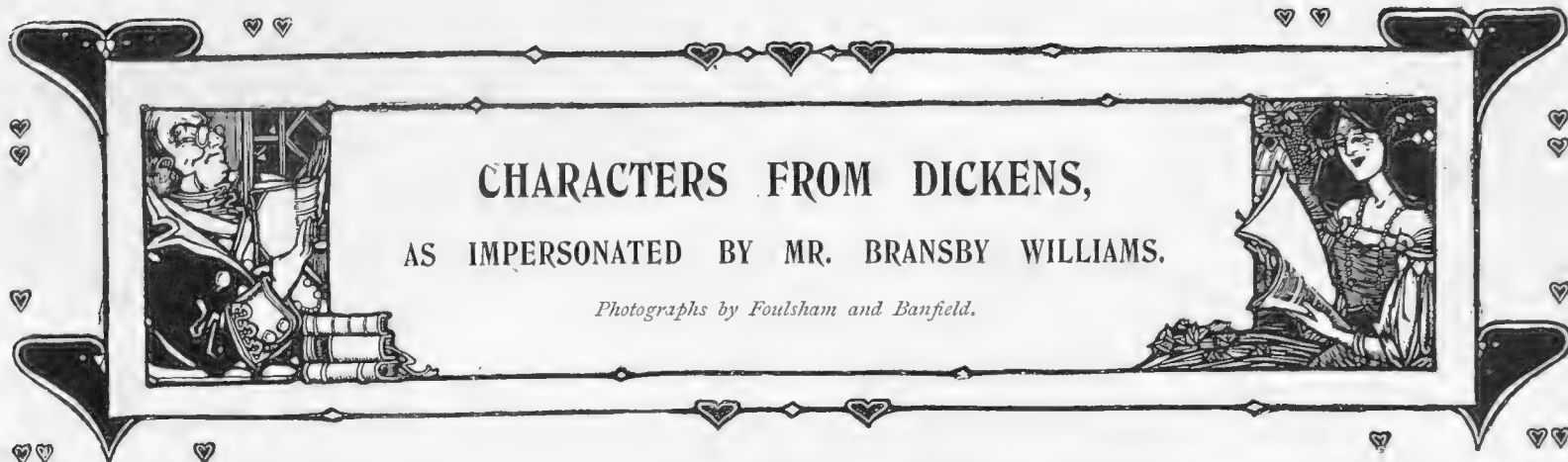
MISS ALICE DE WINTON.

Photograph by Thiele, Chancery Lane.

There is something very simple and naïve about the assurances that are poured forth from the inspired organs of the Press, home and Continental, when foreign potentates or their high Ministers of State go travelling. We are told in all seriousness that they are leaving their capitals for the benefit of their health, or because they wish to meet their friends, or because they need a little holiday, never because their kingdom or the kingdom of their masters is suffering from considerable outside pressure and runs greater danger still. Perhaps it is as well that we do not know the motives that make Kings and Czars meet and send Chancellors of State to make sudden calls on other Chancellors, and bring Ministers from one far country and rulers of another on a European tour. Yet one cannot fail to see how in the last couple of years the balance of power has shifted, how the Dual Alliance has been strengthened and the Triple made weaker, and how strenuous efforts have been made by the world's rulers to settle in peaceful fashion the immediate destiny of certain realms that are slipping out of the weak hands of their present rulers.

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I.—SYDNEY CARTON.

"KEEP YOUR EYES UPON ME, DEAR CHILD, AND MIND NO OTHER OBJECT. THEY WILL BE RAPID. FEAR NOT!"

CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.



II.—DAN'L PEGGOTTY.

"HE STOOD, LONG AFTER I HAD CEASED TO READ, STILL LOOKING AT ME."

CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.



III.—URIAH HEEP.

"I AM WELL AWARE THAT I AM THE 'UMBLEST PERSON GOING, LET THE OTHER BE WHERE HE MAY."

CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.



IV.—WACKFORD SQUEERS.

"LET ANY BOY SPEAK A WORD WITHOUT LEAVE AND I'LL TAKE THE SKIN OFF HIS BACK."

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"THE SEA LADY."

By H. G. WELLS.
(Methuen, 6s.)

So many able critics—the noun and the adjective are inseparable—have hedged over this newest novel of Mr. Wells' that one naturally approaches it with a certain degree of diffidence. Even the author calls it "a tissue of moonshine"—Heaven knows why, unless it is that he desires to make a promenade of his bashfulness.

However that may be, the fact remains that Mr. Wells has written the most fantastic, the most humorous, the most delightfully satirical work that has been laid at the feet of the public since the days of Gilbert. And what is it all about? Why, a mermaid. She comes up out of the sea, tail and all, and plants herself down amongst a dear, delightful, lower-middle-class family of unimaginative tendencies and conventional ideas. Having devised a method of concealing her tail, she flirts with the inevitable young men in striped flannel trousers, teases the typical young women in severe serge skirts, and assures several earnest tea-drinkers that they are living in a dream. The end of it all is that one of the young men in the irresistible confections takes the lady out for a moonlight swim and never returns. So much for the book as a story, but Mr. Wells does not presume to rely on his story for the success of this midsummer frolic. Rather does he call to his aid deliciously rare powers of picture-drawing, of natural dialogue, of poetic foolery. "The bath-chair man," he says, "was crumpled up against the bank, lost in that wistful melancholy that the constant perambulation of broken humanity necessarily engenders." And "the hall-porter, who has an Irish type of face, short nose, long upper lip, and all the rest of it, and who has further neglected his dentist, projected his face suddenly, opened his eyes very wide, and slowly curved his mouth into a fixed smile, and so remained until he judged the effect on me was complete." Here, again, is a sketch of the policeman who discovered the first traces of the vanished couple: "I seem to see him, perplexed and dubious, wrap in charge over his arm and lantern in hand, scanning first the white beach and black bushes behind him and then staring out to sea. It was the inexplicable abandonment of a thoroughly comfortable and desirable thing." Gaze on that picture with the eye of a humorous artist and see what you make of it. If it conveys nothing to you, for goodness' sake don't bother to read "The Sea Lady." If, on the other hand, it makes you long for the art of a Phil May that you might work it out for yourself in black-and-white, then you may safely purchase this brilliant result of a genius making holiday and expect to gloat over it.

"A PRINCE OF GOOD FELLOWS."

By ROBERT BARR.
(Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

A King disguises himself! Having made himself like somebody else, he pays all sorts of unexpected visits among his subjects; to one he is a kind of Providence, to another he is the other thing. In the language of the music-hall, it is a good old wheeze—this business of the King going about in disguise; it comes to us from "The Arabian Nights" and other infantile associations. In the hands of a man of genius it would "go" all right—everything goes all right in the hands of a man of genius; but Mr. Barr is not the man of genius the case requires. To say truth, this volume of short stories revolving round James V. of Scotland is to be recommended not because it has any extraordinary literary merit, but because, take it for all in all, its author has contrived to make up some stories that are fairly readable—but they are not much more than that. Mr. Barr, far too obviously, is doing "pot-boilers," and that is not the game; he can do very much better work than this. A book of this kind puts him out of court; it is simply childish, and can only be described as suitable for children.

"THE DIARY OF A GOOSE-GIRL."

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.
(Gay and Bird, 3s. 6d.)

The particular Goose-girl in question, be it at once admitted, was no mere ordinary Goose-girl, but a somewhat perverse young woman who had lighted on this profession in the little village of Barbury Green as a means of escape from the too persistent lovers worshipping at her shrine at a neighbouring hydropathic. We are given to understand that the persistency of one of them bade fair to cause an immediate surrender, and flight was considered the only expedient for postponing the day of decision. Be the motives for the Goose-girl's sojourn what they may, the result is a delightfully whimsical book, the key-note of which is an airy irresponsibility. And yet, that is not quite just to the Goose-girl—at any rate, as far as her duties to the poultry are concerned, for she takes them

very seriously. Not only does she consider their bodily welfare, but she even tries to raise them to a higher sense of discipline. Indeed, she regards Phoebe's educational methods before her advent as those of the darkest ages. Phoebe, the farmer's daughter, is a very hard-hearted damsel, who offers you the choice for your dinner of the "brown and yellow duckling that is the last to leave the water at night or the gosling that never knows his own 'ouse." The Goose-girl, who had intimate associations with the potential victims, is naturally incensed, and yet Phoebe must have had a heart to speak in these terms of the little chick found dead one morning in the coop: "Poor little chap! 'E never 'ad a mother! 'E was an incubytor chicken, and wherever I took 'im 'e was picked at. There was somethink wrong with 'im; 'e never was a fyvorite!" From which it will be seen that the Cockney accent had penetrated even to that idyllic spot. Despite the charm of her present existence—and whoso reads will easily appreciate the fascination of the life—the Goose-girl frankly deplores at times the strict obedience of her friends to her wish to be left alone, and in this she is sweetly feminine, this Goose-girl. It is not only in the characterising of the vagaries of the poultry that she excels, for what types we have in Mrs. Heaven, the farmer's wife; Mr. Heaven, so unobtrusive as to be best described by the word "nil"; in Phoebe, who was so "hysty" that she nearly plighted herself to the postman instead of to the carrier; and, lastly, the "square baby," who, the Goose-girl considers, was manufactured to make a bulwark of the nation. At the end, the tardy knight puts in an appearance, after an exhaustive search of the adjacent poultry-farms, and perforce the idyll is closed. Mrs. Wiggin has a light touch, and the little thumb-nail sketches by Claude A. Shepperson are well in keeping with the spirit of the story.

"THE WINGS OF THE DOVE."

By HENRY JAMES.
(Archibald Constable and Co. 6s.)

If you think you know what I wish to say you are apt to be mistaken; did you really know, and not think about it at all, but say straightforwardly what was in your mind, there would be some hope of our getting on. Not that getting on matters so much—that is, all said and done, a trifling question of detail; getting on is—no need to disguise the fact—decidedly vulgar, smacking—if it smacks of anything—of the commonplace. And in this book—you will observe it has a title of the most inviting and alluring simplicity—is the plain tale (what I call a plain tale) of a young woman and one or two men—I do not wish to be unkind, so I say *one or two*. I have found a difficulty, which has proved itself absolutely insuperable, in telling this ridiculously simple story (there is really nothing in it) in a plain and straightforward manner; to be quite frank, I am not enamoured of uncomplex emotion. What is the use (I do not speak from the literary point of view entirely) of a person who can recognise his feelings on sight and distribute them according to catalogue? Now in this book of mine, "The Wings of the Dove," I take great pains to guard against the appearance of anything that can be called usual or ordinary.

Thus, Mr. Henry James, in effect, for five hundred and seventy-six pages. Mr. James is, or perhaps was, a great artist; throughout this book there are many touches which recall the man who wrote—long ago, oh! so long ago—"Washington Square." But (there is no use, as Mr. James would say, in putting truth into a pit) the book is an extraordinarily boring book; it has the abominable garrulity of an old man who speaks right on and on, heedless of his company, and determined only to tell his tale, no matter what happens. "Inebriated with his own verbosity"—this is the verdict which must be passed on Mr. Henry James—and it is absurd enough. Because, *inter alia*, there are phrases in this ridiculous book which are amongst the finest things in our literature.

"A SON OF GAD."

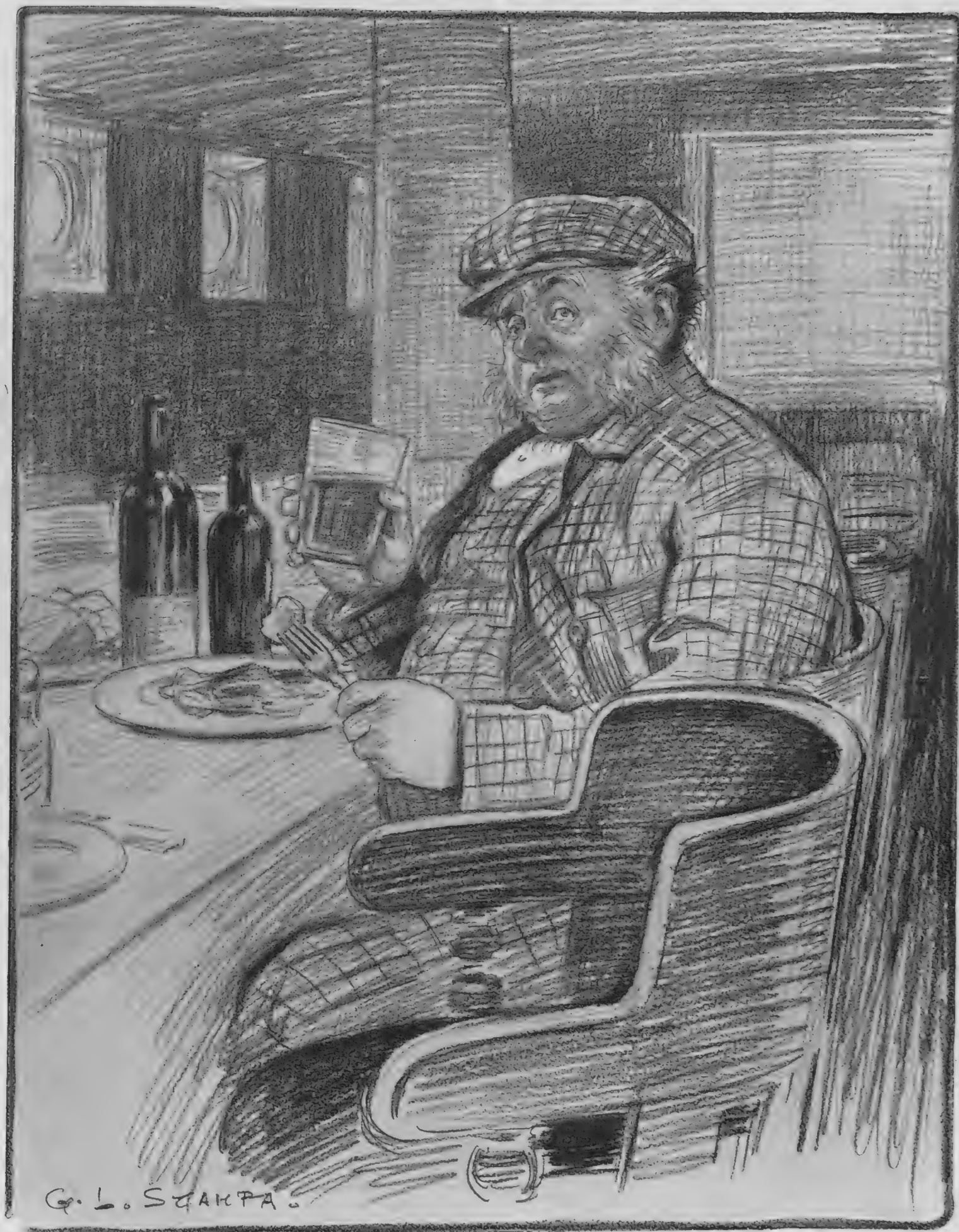
By JOHN A. STEUART.
(Hutchinson, 6s.)

Mr. Steuart's new work, lengthy though it is, must be dismissed in a few words. The author, declining the laurels of the mere novelist, gives us to understand that he is anxious to encourage the Americanising of England and the Anglicising of America. All this, of course, sounds impressively pompous in a Preface, but needs the strenuous pen of a lady novelist to carry it through in a story. Mr. Steuart's method of bringing about an international millennium is to introduce an American millionaire into the beloved fastnesses of a jealous Highland laird and make the two fight it out between them or fall on each other's bosoms in the attempt. Since, of course, the happy ending is the only possible one from the political point of view, the author trots out a charming daughter of the millionaire and a handsome son of the impoverished laird, who fall in love quite nicely and get married before the book comes to a conclusion. It is possible that Mr. Steuart's novel may have a beneficial effect on the Anglo-American Alliance, as regards the world-wide interests of literature, however, it leaves them very much as they were.



POLITICIANS.

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.



SCENE: THE DINING-SALOON OF A STEAMER ON THE CLYDE.

VOICE FROM ABOVE: Come up, Jock, come up! Here's the Kyles o' Bute!

Jock: Deil tak' the Kyles o' Bute! D'ye think I'm gaun tae spoil me holidays wi' scenery?

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

ON THE HONEYMOON.

By CLO. GRAVES.

Illustrated by Douglas Almond, R.I.



"Notre oncle Jean est mort là-bas,
Je n'chant'rai pas, je n'chant'rai pas."

"VITE, mon p'ti!"

With a flick of the whip, the driver thus apostrophised the old white cob that drew the quaint little hooded carriage—a kind of magnified Bath-chair peculiar to Guernsey—high in the front of which his bronzed, robust person was elevated on a little wooden perch.

"Dull enough, this couple behind me," thought the singer, "to have been married a dozen years."

Yet they were bride and bridegroom. Three days since they had landed from the Southampton steamer, and, after breakfasting at the hotel, had driven to Whitegates, the beautiful old manor-house, with its high gables and mullioned windows smothered in wealth of autumn roses and vines of crimson and gold.

Little was known about them, save that He was an English officer—of cavalry, Baptiste, the hotel-porter, had pronounced upon a glance at him, noting the long, swinging stride, the erect carriage, the sweep of the fair moustache, the grey tweed suit and black necktie. Baptiste had kissed three of his fingers when he spoke of Her. So girlish, so fair, so musical in speech, so exquisite in grace of figure, in tint of skin, in the crystalline clearness of her eyes. Both were used to the sea, it was plain. No dolors, no groans had marred their wedding voyage. And how they laughed and talked and attacked the breakfast! He—the driver—had pulled up under the open window at which they ate their meal. Their gay voices made him look up wistfully, and she saw him.

"Oh, darling, do let us drive up to the house in that quaint little box on wheels!" she had said. "The driver looks so ruddy and pleasant, and I love the way he talks to that little old white pony!"

And she had had her way. The imperials, portmanteaux, and dress-baskets, all shining with the glossy newness of the honeymoon, had gone on ahead with the Whitegates brougham, while the bride and bridegroom, tucked into the Bath-chair-like vehicle drawn by Chéri, the broken-kneed white cob, had followed with less speed. How they had laughed, and that was only three days ago! Now, they were being rattled along together side by side behind Chéri, who was making quite a record performance up the sandy hills and down again.

The air had an exquisite wild freshness; the sky was intensely blue, dappled with lamb-like white clouds that the fresh, keen wind was shepherding to the south-west; the cliffs were golden with broom, purple with heather, scarlet with the wild fuchsia, and warm with the strong sunshine that spread such a feast of colour for the eye, that shot the fierce green surges with streaks of white and purple, and brought out the rich crimson and yellow of the lichens on the rocks. And both as silent as the dead. Only married three days, and making no better use of the time the *bon Dieu* had given them together than to quarrel! He—the driver of the broken-kneed white cob—and Nanette had known better than that. *Biau!* Let gentlefolks be fools—the poor knew better wisdom! He struck up again—

"Au jardin d' mon père—
Oh! vive l'amour!
Un oranger il y'a!
Vive la la la lauriere!
Un oranger il y'a!
Vive la rose de damas!
Vive——!"

"Would you be good enough to make a little less noise!"

The cold voice brought the singer to a shamed silence. "Noise!" Thank Heaven, Nanette was not there to hear!

"Why, certainly, M'sieu!" he stammered, looking shamefacedly over his shoulder and blushing from his clean collar to the rim of his straw hat. "If Madame objects——"

Madame now spoke, very clearly and steadily, her blue eyes shining very large in the small face that was quite colourless under the brim of her charming hat: "I like it. I never said that I objected. Please go on."

"Oh—if you wish it, by all means," said Monsieur.

But there was no more singing.

A zigzag carriage-road, descending from the upper cliffs to the level of the beach, presenting itself for negotiation, the aggrieved husband of Nanette got down from his perch and walked by the old cob's head.

"Where does this lead?" called out Monsieur, rather roughly.

"Bocquaine Bay," came back, rather gruffly.

"What is to be seen there, please?" came from Madame; and the fine bronzed face looked eagerly round.

"The island of Brehou, if the tide admits of our passing the causeway, Madame."

Madame said, "There are the ruins of a monastery on Brehou and a holy well, I believe?"

"The island used to be a very holy island, if Madame excuses. There were saints there first, and then saints' bones; and passing vessels used to dip their sails as an act of reverence, in the old days when people revered things, Madame. If the tide admits of our passing the causeway, Madame will see for herself."

"And if the tide does not serve?"

"There is the Creux des Fées."

"The Fairies' Cave. Are there really any fairies in Guernsey?"

"One, at least, Madame; a very beautiful one!"

An admiring flash of the fine brown eyes set in the ruddy face of the driver pointed the compliment. Madame's wild-rose face flushed a little. She glanced aside at Monsieur. He was leaning back with folded arms, smoking a cigarette, his soft, grey felt hat tilted over his handsome, rather rigid profile; his eyelids drooped in contempt, it seemed to her. A cold, swift pang went to her heart. That he could seem—could be so indifferent, and upon the third day of their wedded life! Her lip quivered as she looked out in imagination along a perspective of Arctic days spent by the glacial side of a frozen husband, forgetting that volcanic fires may seethe and glow under an icy crust. But the bottom of the zigzag carriage-road had been reached, the last angle was turned, and the bay spread before the vision; green-and-white rollers close upon narrowing sands, the causeway connecting the grey-green bulk of Brehou with the mainland, a thing for dim conjecture.

"*Ma fê!* The tide's a high one. But we have the Creux here at a few minutes on the right. If Madame were a Catholic, she would make the sign of the Cross before entering, to keep off evil influences, charms, and the like. Do I believe the Creux is haunted? *Je me crais?* *Nannin, nannin gia!* Not I. It is old talk, that is all." The driver turned back the flap of the double Bath-chair—one has no other name for the vehicle—and Monsieur, getting grimly out, assisted Madame to descend. "Without a fond look or a squeeze of the hand. Ah bah!" muttered the driver; "some people are hard to please."

And he turned the old white cob to graze on a patch of short, sweet grass growing at the foot of a huge boulder as Monsieur and Madame approached the cave. It was not a natural cave—not properly a cave at all, being a Druidic structure within an enclosing tumulus feathered with sea-poppies, bents, and snapdragon, and hung



He looked for Madame. She was leaning back, very pale and listless, in a carved walnut settle of the Italian sixteenth century.

"ON THE HONEYMOON."

with blackberry vines. The narrow entrance, facing eastwards, was no wider than a coffin. Madame entered first. The chamber smelt damp and cold and salt, and seemed full of shadows and the booming of the sea. She shivered.

"*Biau!*" said the driver, as the slight figure, with its delicately hued, fluttering draperies, disappeared. "She has entered first. She will be the first for death. The old gobbler will have a sweet mouthful."

Now Monsieur and Madame were standing in the dark outer chamber of the Druids' house. The only light came from behind them, through the narrow entrance that looked east. The iron constraint that had weighed upon them all day, the embarrassment that had fettered their limbs and paralysed speech, weighed lighter in the darkness.

Monsieur found voice to say—

"Ethel, for Heaven's sake, forget that letter. Doubt me no more; let us be happy, as we were yesterday—as we have been for months. Upon my soul, I have never regretted—"

"Don't!" The word came in a sob; he could hear her anguished breathing, and catch a glimmer of whiteness that was her face. "Oh! it has been so horrible! This morning, when I found that letter on the floor of your dressing-room—"

"It was inexcusable of me to drop it!" he broke out. "How could a man risk his life's happiness by such a piece of carelessness?"

"I am glad that you were careless," she said. "I am glad that I know the truth. Of course, I thought the letter was mine. The handwriting was so like—Alice and I always joked about being able to forge one another's names—and I always use that ribbed paper and write with violet ink. It never occurred to me that the letter wasn't mine. Sisters oughtn't to write so much alike. It's intolerable!" Her voice quavered off into a silly little laugh.

The man's voice came back through the darkness.

"It's intolerable! Odious! Who could have dreamed of such a thing happening? The truth is, I'd forgotten all about the letter. I was happy—you'll never believe it—too happy to remember anything about the past. It was clean wiped out."

Her voice said—

"You're trying to be kind. That's the sting of it: that, when I thought I was so condescending as to bless you with my hand in marriage, you were marrying me out of pity! Out of pity—because you loved my sister Alice, and she had said to you, 'Ethel adores you. She will die if you don't stoop to her and lift her up from where she is lying at your feet. I love you, too; but I am stronger. I have always given up things to her. Now I give up You!' And it was all in the letter, dated the week before you asked me to be your wife—the letter I found and thought one of my own that you had treasured up. One feels no delicacy about reading a letter of one's own; that was why I looked inside. And then— Oh! I know what it means to fall down out of Heaven into Hell! And when you came in and found me, I blurted everything out. It was never my knack to hide things—not even my love for you. Oh! you have injured me—wronged me, you and Alice between you. I shall always see her face between us, with wistful eyes that speak of her sacrifice. She is going to be a Sister of Charity, she says. Now I know why!"

"Let her!" The man's voice was rough and angry. "If you think I shall break my heart—I tell you, I love you better than any woman alive! I tell you—"

She covered her ears. He could feel, though he could not see, the action. "Oh, *don't!*" she said, shudderingly. "Don't you guess that it is awful to me—*awful* to know you capable of changing so? In a way, I am dear to you. I'm pretty, and young, and fresh. But when I am no longer so, or even years before there is any alteration, and some other woman comes by—"

"Have done!" he said, fiercely. "Why do you torture me and wring your own heart? Why can't you make the best of things?"

"As you do? No," she said, with a hollow little laugh, "I can't. Oh! last night—only last night—we were looking at the moon from the terrace at Whitegates. You said it was like a golden cup, brimmed with sweetness for your lips and mine. Well, the golden cup is upset and all the honey has been spilled—"

"Monsieur! Madame!" The voice of the driver came through the narrow entrance, which his sturdy figure blocked. "There is one thing I forgot me! It is the wishing-stone in the middle of the chamber within. The top is hollow, like a little holy-water basin, and who can throw a pebble in, in the darkness, in three tosses gains a wish. Monsieur and Madame might try, *mai grand doux*, they have not many wishes unfulfilled."

The driver's head was withdrawn. There was a brief silence.

"Shall we try?" said the voice of Monsieur.

"It is horrible nonsense, and rather wrong, I believe," said Madame, with a sobbing catch in her breath. But—" Before them glimmered the faint oblong of the entrance to the inner chamber of the tumult. Monsieur led the way, Madame followed. The inner road was as dark as the outer one. But through a fissure in the roof pierced a faint ray of daylight, and the altar-stone with the cup-shaped top received this light and held it as though it had been water.

"A pebble. There are plenty underfoot," said He. "Three apiece, as each of us may have three tosses."

He stooped and groped about, and She also searched. In the darkness their hands encountered, and a thrill went from one to the other. But they separated on the instant, and Madame rose up, blushing fiercely, with three little round pebbles in her hand.

"You first!" said Monsieur, and the pebble escaped in the darkness. It flew wide of the stone and chinked against the opposite wall. Again she tried, and this time hit the ceiling. Once more she threw—and the last pebble seemed to vanish without a sound.

"You dear little duffer! I beg your pardon!" He amended. "It's my turn now." A pebble buzzed from his fingers, hit the central stone near the edge, and rolled away into nowhere. He tried again. Failure!

"I don't believe anyone could do it!" said Madame, in a soft, fluttered voice. She had brushed against his sleeve, and the arm it contained had shot out and made her prisoner.

"You're wrong," said He, and drew her with him as he advanced into the centre of the Druids' chamber. Then he bent forwards, making her bend too, and, holding his breath and advancing his thumb and finger within three inches of the cup-topped stone, he gently tossed the third pebble into it. It went to the bottom, with a cool little satisfied rattle.

"Done!" said He. "Now, I wish!"

"Please let me go first!" She pleaded.

"When I have wished," said He, "and not before!"

He drew a deep breath and muttered something. Then he released her, and they came blinking out into the sunshine together. They conversed on the way home to Whitegates, and the driver sang the song about his Uncle Jean from beginning to end unrebuked.

"*Bè!* They have made up their quarrel, these two, thanks to the Fée of the Creux!" he said, and clinked the substantial pourboire he had received from Monsieur, as he drove home to his Nanette.

And Monsieur and Madame, silence having again fallen between them like a veil, re-entered Whitegates. On a vast slab of fossil marble in the stately entrance-hall lay a letter addressed to Monsieur. It bore the crest of his regiment of Guards, and was written by his dearest friend. Monsieur threw down his hat and stick and tore the letter open with a sigh. Then a flush rose to his forehead, his grey eyes lightened. He looked for Madame. She was leaning back, very pale and listless, in a carved walnut settle of the Italian sixteenth century, and she might have been some lovelorn lady out of Boccaccio, so wan and fragile did she look.

"Ethel!"

She looked up.

"I thought you might be glad to know . . . Alice is not going to be an Anglican nun!" said He.

"Who says so? Has she—?"

Her great blue eyes dilated and darkened. That she was jealous he saw, and his heart leapt at the discovery.

"She does not write. But the news comes from an authoritative quarter. She is to marry Ferrers, of Ours."

Her look said, "Another sacrifice."

"I think not," he said, answering the look. "Ferrers has succeeded to the Peerage; the old Marquis died upon our wedding-day. Strawberry-leaves have seemed better to Alice than the rue you insisted that she must wear. *Now*, won't you believe me, and let us be happy?"

"Oh, what do you want me to believe?" she cried, putting out both hands to keep him off.

"I want you to believe that I have got my wish—that the woman whom I love above all women in the world loves me as I love her," said He.

He knelt at her feet and held her embraced. She looked down into his eyes and knew he spoke the truth.

"Ah! Was that what you asked of the fairies at the Creux?" she whispered, as her cheek rested upon his hair. And then she covered his mouth with her hand, for fear he might say "No!"

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HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



JUST as *The Sketch* is going to press, several new plays—or comparatively new plays—and certain more or less important changes are imminent. First in order of date is Miss Kitty Loftus's sometime postponed production at the Savoy of her specially prepared comedy, "Naughty Nancy." This, when first tried last March at Southend, proved to be a very exhilarating mixture. Perhaps I ought to say, in view of the new posters around, "a merry moterial mixture," but that, so far as I understand, there are other—and even earlier—copyrighted "motor" mixtures yet to take active shape. In any case, Miss Loftus is so vivacious and varied an actress that she is sure, on her own account, to win success. With regard to the motor-cars which, I understand from paragraphs and posters, will form a more or less important feature of "Naughty Nancy," there have, of course, been several machines of the sort in sundry other plays, either already produced or some time ago "copyrighted" for production.

Of course, the most important theatrical fixture of the present week is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, which, as *The Sketch* long ago announced, had been commissioned by the then "Mr." but now "Sir" Charles Wyndham. This play, still announced at the time of our going to press for production at Wyndham's Theatre last night (Tuesday), has, after much reflection—not to say heart-burning—

hearts, ask why the ever-cheery Sir Charles is not acting in their midst, he will be able to reply, for self and Company, in the words of his famous light-comedy part, Bob Sackett, "We are engaged!"

If present arrangements hold good, there will be produced to-morrow (Thursday), at the renovated Comedy (under the direction of Mr. Frank Curzon), the new drama written by Mr. Victor Widnell and now entitled "Secret and Confidential." This play was originally produced at the Shakespeare, Liverpool, and subsequently at the Kennington Theatre, under the name of "A Woman of Impulse," and as such was duly and fully noticed in *The Sketch*, especially as regards the Liverpool production. When I struck this re-named strong drama, a day or two ago, it was being rehearsed at the London Pavilion—of all places in the world. On the "Pav." stage, however, I found Miss Gertrude Kingston and Messrs. Charles Groves, Fred Kerr, and other capable players showing promise of going very strong at the Comedy to-morrow night.

That latest daring venture of Mr. Philip Yorke's at the Tivoli, namely, the sketch adapted from the late Robert Buchanan's poem, "Fra Giacomo," has proved a remarkable success, considering that anything of a serious nature does not, as a rule, appeal to your average music-hall audience. The reason for this success is that, in the first

Miss Emmie Hall. Mr. Bransby Williams.



Mr. Charles Raymond.

A SCENE FROM "FRA GIACOMO," AT THE TIVOLI.

been named "Chance, the Idol." It is rather peculiar that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones should eventually, after trying all sorts of titles—not only on his script, but on his study walls—have chosen this name. Just before the moment of writing, I found my old friend, the aforesaid brilliant author, busily engaged in preparing for a dress-rehearsal of this latest play of his for Wyndham's. Had our esteemed Henry Arthur Jones been less pressed, I might have confessed to him that I had met long ago, in and around London and the provinces, sundry plays bearing a similar name, but especially one called "Chance, the Idiot."

Pending next week's full notice of "Chance, the Idol," I may, perhaps, tell you that, even more than was the case in two or three previous plays, its chief interest revolves around Monte Carlo. Miss Lena Ashwell, who achieved so striking a success in the same brilliant dramatist's "Mrs. Dane's Defence," has what looks like a splendid dramatic part. So, too, has Mr. H. V. Esmond, who, in a character obviously at first intended for Sir Charles Wyndham, has to hold forth in various forms of philosophic ebullience.

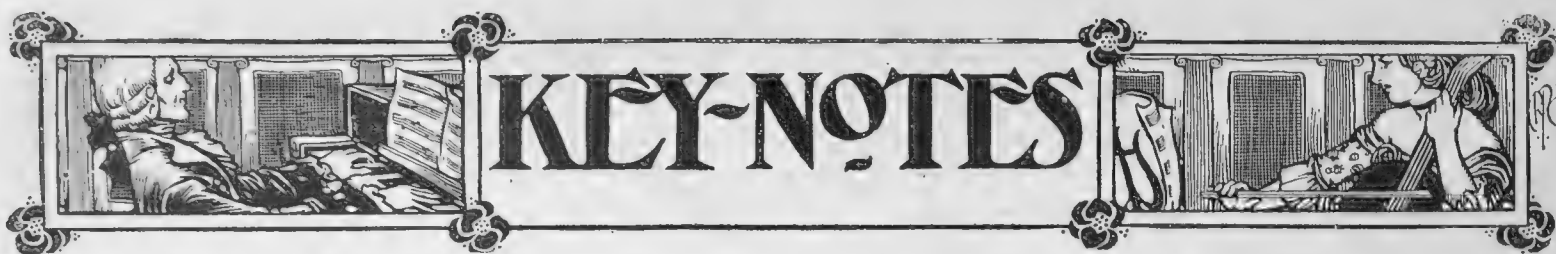
But all this and much more will be duly "continued in our next." For the present, I need, perhaps, only point out that Sir Charles Wyndham (who, according to latest advices which have reached me, was ruralising at San Moritz) would have enacted the aforesaid philosophic character but for his being unable to get back to England, Home, and the Charing Cross Road in time to fulfil Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's stringent but just contract as to the date of production.

It will be unwelcome news to London playgoers that Sir Charles Wyndham has, I am just informed, arranged to go a-touring round the world, in a series of his best and brightest impersonations. Thus, if Londoners or Englanders should, in the innocence of their respective

place, Mr. Yorke has staged this ten minutes' tragedy very beautifully and realistically; and, secondly, that Mr. Bransby Williams, the well-known impersonator of Dickens and Shakspeare characters in the "halls," plays the leading character in this tiny tragedy so powerfully as to earn many a "call." This, mark you (as Dan Leno would say), is a special tribute to variety artistes, who do not, as a rule, get "called" much after their respective "turns."

The long-closed and latterly much-neglected Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, has just been re-opened by Messrs. C. St. John Denton and George Blunt, who have made such a delightful little theatre of it that it should again, as of yore, take a leading place among Liverpool playhouses. Messrs. Denton and Blunt's opening attraction was a new farcical comedy, called "Off the Rank—896," written by Mr. Laurence Sterne for Mr. Willie Edouin. It is a side-splitting piece, with fine parts for Mr. Edouin, his charming daughter, Daisy Atherton, and his son-in-law, Mr. Fred Edwards, who, with his wife, Miss May Edouin, prefaces the piece with their droll Palace Theatre sketch, "All in the Family."

At Kennington Theatre, Mr. Frank Curzon's production, "A Country Mouse," is fulfilling a week's engagement. Miss Annie Hughes, as Angela, is supported by the same artistes as appeared at the Criterion and Prince of Wales's. The comedy is preceded by Mrs. Oscar Beringer's play entitled "A Bit of Old Chelsea." Mr. Arthur announces the first London production at Kennington of an entirely new and original farcical comedy, entitled "Who's Brown?" on the 15th inst., written by Frank Wyatt. The Moody-Manners Opera Company terminate their season at Covent Garden on Sept. 27, and on the 29th transfer their repertoire direct for a week to Kennington Theatre.



THE Queen's Hall still bears aloft the high standard of art upon which it has always insisted, even in its most popular phases of expression. A curious contrast was afforded there the other evening by the arrangement of a Schubert and Brahms night. The juxtaposition of the two composers was, to say the least, curious, although there may be people as curious as the juxtaposition, who consider that the thing was perfectly natural. There, however, it was,

natural or otherwise. Schubert, with his intrepid obstinacy, his splendid inspiration, his struggling technique, was set side by side with Brahms, the assured, the complacent, the absolute technician, the cool and calm collator of ideas, by no means always inspired and very often "splendidly null."

Music lost a great son and a great servant when, all too soon, Schubert turned his face to the wall in the blank despair of death. Music, too, lost an heir-apparent to a still greater promise. The Second Symphony (in B-flat) which Mr. Wood gave on the occasion already mentioned is a right and appropriate example of the truth here set down. Magnificently played as it was, it was

possible to feel the "depth and dream" of Schubert's desire. How he could have expressed in music the beauty of those lines of Kipling, when Kipling was writing verse in the freshness and directness of his early style—

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray:
Thou knowest who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest who hast made the clay!

Fire and clay we all may be, but in Schubert the flame was so bright, the clay weighed him down so soon to death. But these are speculations that carry one away from the essential facts of an occasional appreciation. Mr. Wood recognised the *form* of the work with the nicety of a past-master. Among the old schoolmen the form of any vitalised matter was regarded as the living influence within it which made it existent. In that sense of the word, the conductor gave to the score its significance, its sentiment, its interior emotion. In a word, we had a performance that gave food for thought. Mr. Wood invariably has a standpoint, a mode of expression all his own.

The Brahms Concerto in D was another matter. Brahms could write music, indeed, with a skill and a power that make the very word academic almost a patent of nobility. Yet, just as the word academic used by itself implies a falling short from inspired music, so it may be said of Brahms with perfect truth that, deeply instructive, grandly constructed as his compositions often are, they lack the life that implies organism, spontaneous utterance, and quick development of thought. It is a very clever thing to note the forward and backward relation between the Differential and Integral Calculus (mathematicians, please note!), but such an achievement is not the same thing as writing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or "A Winter's Tale." Mr. Hans Wessely on the occasion in question took the violin solo part, and played it drily; but it may be doubted if that was altogether his own fault. It may be permitted to cherish a hope that it was the Master rather than the Interpreter who was responsible for that.

Meanwhile, the Opera Season at Covent Garden wags merrily along. Its success has been assured and undoubted. The audiences have been exceedingly numerous, and on all hands praise has been given in abundant quantities to the success of a venturesome and bold enterprise. The triumphs of the chorus have continued. In a certain recent performance of "Tannhäuser" it was certainly the chorus that saved one or two situations which had undoubtedly begun to look a trifle gloomy—the chorus, that is, and Madame Fanny Moody, who sang the part of Elizabeth quite to perfection.

To turn back from a Wagnerian production at Covent Garden to the Promenade Concerts, it is useful to note the magnificence of the orchestral effects which Mr. Wood's superlatively trained band is able to extract from Wagner's scores. The colouring, the instrumental grouping, the development of effect into effect are at the Queen's Hall amazingly fine to note. Covent Garden at its best cannot come near it either in an "off" or in an "on" season; and yet, gorgeous as is this playing, how much one is deprived of by the divorce of the orchestra from dramatic surroundings Wagner himself knew better than any man in the world. The object-lesson here given is a highly useful element, however, in any musical education, and surely one of the chief ends of critical life is "perpetually to learn."

Madame Alice Esty has appeared at Covent Garden as Marguerite in "Faust." Hers was an admirably sincere and even pathetic performance. Lacking just a trifle from the *ingénue* standpoint of expectation, her true singing, however, must surely have given genuine pleasure to every listener who cares for pure and refined vocal effects. In this respect she is a very curious contrast with Madame Blanche Marchesi. Madame Marchesi has extraordinarily fine dramatic gifts, to which she entirely subordinates her vocal accomplishment. She rather interprets drama through a voice, than uses a voice, as Mario used to say, "for its own sweet sake." The effect may be a little strange, occasionally bizarre; but that Madame Marchesi has very genuine powers and that she uses them to their best advantage is a matter that cannot in the least be doubted. The wonderful thing is that the combination of these powers makes so effective a result. She is emphatically that rare thing, an operatic actress, and the definition need not be elaborated.

COMMON CHORD.



MADAME ALICE ESTY.



MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



A Man of Many Parts—Times of Trial—Track-Racing.

MR. SELWYN FRANCIS EDGE is one of the busiest and best-known men in the inner ring of the automobile world. Fifteen years ago he was conspicuous in amateur cycling as a first-class middle-distance man, one who could stay on the road for a hundred miles, and at the end find a path-man's sprint which made him invincible at the finish, and he still stands in cycling history as the winner of more "centuries" than any other racer that ever rode in competitions. A keen boxer as well as cyclist, a fisherman of skill, and no mean shot, Mr. Edge was an example of the leisured youth who gave his whole time to sport. He took all his holidays in a lump at the beginning of his career, and one day, suddenly, to the surprise of his friends, began to work. In rapid succession he held increasingly important positions in the cycle and pneumatic-tyre trade, and the race-winning energies of his earlier youth were directed with brilliant results to winning a great reputation as an acute man of business. Edge was early smitten with the possibilities of motoring. He foresaw what everyone else now sees revealed. Beginning as a motor-cyclist, he next struggled with the intricacies of the Bollée tandem, invested in a solid-tyred Panhard of the very earliest type, dallied with steam-cars, and, as he progressed in experience, extended his trade relations with numerous leading Continental houses, until his hand now helps to control the destinies of half-a-dozen firms concerned with large cars and light cars, voiturettes and motor-cycles, tyres, accessories, and even the holding of Shows. But best of all is Mr. S. F. Edge known as the man who made the Napier famous. "I mean," he told me some four or five years ago, "to have the fastest car on earth, if only for five minutes." He found in Mr. M. S. Napier a young engineer keen on reaching the forefront of the motor trade by doing the very best work, and the combination of the indefatigable business-man whose sporting instincts are so strongly marked with the mechanical genius has been a brilliant success. While building cars for the public taste as models of comfort and convenience and reliability, these two have laid their heads together and built world-beaters as well; and that trade follows victories has been amply proved by the rush of business that has been attracted by the success of the car designed by Napier and driven by Edge in the great international contest for the Gordon-Bennett Cup.

No results are available yet awhile of an authentic character concerning the reliability trials of the Automobile Club. For a week, a set of solemn processions has taken place from the Crystal Palace to the seaside. Three-score cars have carried their quota of trippers, all intent with book and pencil chronicling the facts of the runs, and



MR. S. F. EDGE ON HIS SIXTEEN HORSE-POWER NAPIER CAR:
"HOW DO YOU DO?"

struggling with the red tape that throttled all freedom and fun. For the occasion was one on which legal limits had to be observed. It was a public function. Constables were everywhere conspicuous, and the cars were all plainly labelled, but their crawling was a mockery. People have become so accustomed to reasonable rates that the sight of groups of cars legally creeping excited derision, and in many cases created impressions of feebleness, whereas there was not a single vehicle competing but suffered restraint at the unwilling hands of its rule-bound driver. Not only were stages timed, but each stage was divided into sub-stages, and if a car arrived before time at the end of any sub-stage after the third sub-stage of a stage, one mark had to be deducted for every minute gained from the beginning of the stage to the end of the sub-stage. So the mere fact that a car got through on any day without a stop does not imply that it obtained full marks for reliability. All the times, and the sub-stage times, and the observers' comments have to be collated, and the judges have to give their opinions on brake-tests and on how each car looked when its week of penance was completed. They have to allot marks for steering-gear and the ratio of power to weight; and even the hill-climbing tests are not mere time-tests, but the time is taken to help calculators to deduce the horse-power, and marks are then to be based on a formula which tells us to multiply the horse-power by a hundred thousand, and divide it by the price in sovereigns, and also by eight times the number of shilling's-worths of fuel consumed. It is therefore obviously impossible for any sightseer to tell which car has won by looking at it, and all that we can do is to wait patiently till the Club Babbages have completed their calculations.

Racing for the Motor-cycle Challenge Cups at the Crystal Palace this year presented a very different appearance from the walks-over in 1901, when Mr. Jarrott found no one willing to try conclusions against him. This year, a fair field turned out for the hour's scratch-race, but the process of elimination went steadily on, until at half-time but three men were left, namely, Mr. J. van Hooydonk, Mr. E. H. Arnott, and Mr. Parry, Mr. Jarrott having retired with a loosened handle-bar. With only two minutes to go, Mr. Arnott had the ground cut from under him, and fell at forty miles an hour, unhurt, into second place, Mr. Hooydonk finishing with the track-record mileage of 42 miles 290 yards, and, even if freak cycles instead of 2½ horse-power machines had been used, the limits of the curves would prevent higher speeds. Rigal, for example, could not do his seventy-five miles an hour as on the straight run at Deauville, for he would have passed on at the first corner out of the enclosure and over the railings. The other two races for Challenge Cups were won on handicap allowances by Mr. S. C. Holloway. It is unusual to award challenge trophies in handicaps, and the allotments made were stranger still, for the same man who won with four laps' start in five miles was given fourteen in ten. As, when once going, a motor-cycle travels uniformly, lap by lap, so long as it keeps going, it was extraordinary that the two starts should have been so inconsistent.



"GOOD-BYE!"

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Doncaster—The Autumn Handicaps—The Starter—Professional Punters.

THE attendance at the Doncaster Meeting will not be great in the matter of quality, but numbers will rule as usual, as the Yorkshire sports never miss an opportunity of seeing horse-racing on the Town Moor. The programme is a good one, and runners should be plentiful, as the going is perfect. The St. Leger will produce plenty of excitement after the hoisting of the runners on the number-board. Sceptre on her best form holds an unbeatable chance, while on her worst form she should be down the course. Backers must pay their money and take their choice. Of the Kingsclere pair, Friar Tuck and Cupbearer, opinions are much divided, and will be until the finish of the race. St. Brendan is "a rum 'un to look at but a beggar to go," according to the Irish critics. He has travelled in a zigzag manner in the market for some time, and for that reason I shall discard him altogether. Rising Glass, on his second to Ard Patrick in the Derby, will have followers, as he apparently beat Sceptre easily enough in that race, but the last-named could not have given her true running in the Derby. Perseus, on the Goodwood running, should finish in front of Cheers, but neither should win. I am sorry that I cannot go solid for Sceptre, and I must throw in my lot for the Kingsclere best. M. Cannon fancies Friar Tuck, but I shall declare for Cupbearer. The last-named should win on his looks alone. He is one of the likeliest animals I have seen for years. William the Third, one of the very best horses in training at the present time, should win the Doncaster Cup, and Rock Sand, a smart two-year-old, ought to win his engagement.

The acceptances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are always published just before the start takes place for the St. Leger. For the Cesarewitch, I think Ice Maiden, The Solicitor, Carabine, Khiva Pass, Osboch, and Robert le Diable will be found among the acceptances. The last-named has been a great tip in France for this race for a very long time. He ran sixth to Ard Patrick for the Derby, and I do not think he was quite wound up on that day. Previously, he had beaten Fairyfield and a small field over one mile at Dunstall Park. He is by Ayrshire—Rose Bay, and is said to be a genuine stayer. This colt will have to be watched. I am told he was bought by Sloan for Lord Carnarvon. The Cambridgeshire will, as usual, provide no end of speculation, but the market will not be reliable until the longer race has been run. I hope to see Spectrum, Volodyovski, Osboch, Mauvezin, Cottager, Lascaris, Epsom Lad, Floriform, and First Principal among the contents. I am certain Spectrum will win a good race before the end of the season. She is one of the best handicap performers in England, and, fit and well, would as nearly as possible win. Osboch is a good horse, and in the opinion of many good judges he was desperately unlucky to be beaten by Watershed for this race last year. Some people think weight will not stop Mauvezin if wanted on the day. If I had to make a final selection for the race right off, I should go for the selected from Huggins's stable.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club are busily engaged in trying to find a Starter to occupy the post which is about to be vacated by

Mr. Arthur Coventry. I do not envy them their task. Already many owners and trainers have become dissatisfied with the doings of the gate, and one thing is evident—the Stewards must give their new Starter the most perfect gate it is possible to get. The claims of more patentees should be tested on their merits with a view to getting a gate perfect in the matter of manipulation. Mr. Coventry has worked at a great disadvantage. He has had, at times, to work with primitive, clumsy materials. Further, on his shoulders has rested the responsibility of schooling the jockeys to the gate, to say nothing of the unruly horses. When it was first proposed to introduce the gate into England, I suggested in these columns that a Steward should arrange to watch every start from the starting-post. It is not too late to adopt my suggestion yet. At many meetings, notably on the straight courses at Ascot and Goodwood, it is impossible to see from the stands what goes on at the starting-post, and if, say, the Earl of

Durham had been at the start for the Wokingham he would have known all about it. I am certain the presence of a Steward would materially assist the Starter in his duties, and it would in time, no doubt, cause horses to be properly trained to start by gate.

The Senators of the Turf will, sooner or later, have to inquire into the doings of certain professional backers who make money—honestly, I hope. Anyway, when they scoop in the dollars it is often at the expense of students of public form, and what I want to be told is this: Why should a horse that on the book has no earthly chance be able to win when certain of the professional backers have put down their pile? We hear all sorts of rumours about book-makers having to realise property to meet the demands of professional backers. One thing is certain: the men who repeatedly win on no-chancers know a great deal more than the majority of racegoers do, and I claim it is the duty of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to, if possible, obtain and impart the information to the rank-and-file of racegoers, who could do with a good turn now and again.

CAPTAIN COE.



MRS. HARTLEY F. BATT DRIVING "LADY NELL," WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE FIFTEEN-HAND AND OVER CLASS AT THE EAST BERKSHIRE SHOW.

Photograph by F. Curtis, Harlesden, N.W.

Few ladies have met with so much success in the driving world as has Mrs. Hartley F. Batt, who is equally at home whether sitting behind a pair or driving single harness. The accompanying photograph shows Mrs. Batt driving "Lady Nell," who at the East Berkshire Show, held a few days ago, secured first prize in the fifteen-hand and over class. "Sir George," a fifteen-hand bay, also possesses a fine record. As those interested in Horse Shows are aware, this animal is frequently driven in double harness and tandem with "Lady Wiles," both having the reputation of stepping and going together like one horse. Recently, the pair carried off the honours at Brighton in a field of twelve. They also secured first for tandem and doubles at Worthing, defeating "Heathfield Squire," and "Heathfield," as well as Mrs. Tatem's horses. At Tring, too, they won the Challenge Cup. "Lady Wiles" and "Sir George" have not been beaten in the last ten Shows in which they were entered.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE "jupes trotteuses," as our expressive French neighbours have it, show signs of monopolising our walks abroad once more, now that the discomforts of heavy cloth trains have to be faced in another approaching winter. It is noticeable how smart—to use a much-harassed word—these short skirts when well cut look



CASINO-DRESS OF LACE AND WHITE VOILE.

out-of-doors, not to mention the relief they afford in giving one's hands and feet freedom when walking. I say "feet" with emphasis advisedly, for, no matter how amply shaped the jupe, there is always a certain amount of uneasy restraint on the energetic pedestrian who walks in a trained skirt, and so it was with a distinct sense of gratitude that I noticed so many women who are always in the correct sartorial movement taking kindly to the newly revived short walking-skirt, both abroad and in the country. Many of these new tweed or cloth frocks are made with graduated pleats narrowing towards the waist. The style requires a practised hand, but makes all the more obvious an artist effort. For town wear a happy medium has been also arrived at which abbreviates the train so considerably as to make the slightest effort at "holding up" sufficient out-of-doors and yet escapes the stiffness of a short skirt in the house. Braid of all widths sewn on in rosettes seems to be the accepted trimming in Paris for these autumnal tailor-gowns, and a most excellent effect it has. I saw an iron-grey tweed, with its bolero-coat and shaped skirt done with a mixed braid in darker shade of grey, rendered in this new style, and it made a pleasing change from the familiar lines and curves of present familiar fashion. When applied to silk skirts and done in the same material, this form of trimming is called "cockades" by the Paris *couturière*, who is never at a loss for a simile, and, with strass buttons in the middle, this trimming is undeniably like the distinguishing mark that decorates our flunkies' hats.

Coats are arriving at a greater extravagance than ever this season.

All the most fashionable are Kit-kat length, and for driving are made quite long. Trimmed with the heavier real laces, like Venetian and Irish guipure, lined with brocade and adorned with buttons of costly jewelled enamel, these pale-coloured cloth wraps arrive at a distinction and a sum of pounds sterling which balance each other well. Some of the autumn hats hailing from Paris are daintiness itself. A little upturned *toquet* of pale-brown straw, wreathed round with glossy ivy-leaves and two large rosettes of fluffy clematis at side and back, was bewitching; another of dull-green straw upheld dainty clusters of red rowan-berries and green velvet leaves; a third, of pink camel-hair cloth, was overlaid with velvet maiden-hair fern and finished with choux of black Chantilly. Each was a little work of art in its artless way.

Talking of artlessness, I spent one evening in town last week between visits and betook myself to the Lyric, where I had a lesson on the subtlety of simplicity at first-hand from that charming little artist, Miss Gertrude Elliott. Was ever maid so irresistible? Alas, few, or they would soon be matrons. And was ever Scotchman so sympathetic, so picturesque, since the days of William Wallace as Mr. Forbes-Robertson in this exquisite bit of Dresden-china romance? "It does one good," said a hardened warrior who accompanied me. "I haven't wanted to cry until now since Colenso." Which, I take it, was a very pink of compliments on Mr. Forbes-Robertson's exquisite exit in the last Act.

The Parisian Diamond Company have assuredly been the pioneers of a great departure in gem-setting as well as in the



A SIMPLE BUT CHIC WALKING-COSTUME.

miraculously faithful production of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and, above all if possible, of pearls. These latter are exact copies of the peculiar sheen, lustre, colour, and weight of the pearl, and deceive the experts themselves at all tests, except, perhaps, the Cleopatra one. A

glance at the charming trifles illustrated herewith will convey some idea of the marvellously delicate handicraft of the Parisian Diamond Company's work. There is a lace and tortoiseshell fan overlaid with a Louis Quatorze network of diamonds, an aigrette in modern style with carnation-like foliage and pearl flowerets, a charming pendant with a fringe of swinging oval pearls from a circlet of spiked lily-leaves; a magnificent brooch with a butterfly in diamonds on a background of

THE WHITSTABLE OYSTER FISHERY.

"The Oyster and Dredgers of Whitstable," by Allan Ovenden Collard, published with the sanction of the Whitstable Oyster Fishery Company, is a well-written, profusely illustrated, and neatly bound little book. Not only does it tell you all that is worth knowing about the oyster itself, but it gives a good deal of interesting information as



NOVELTIES IN GEM-SETTING AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

enamel is another desirable *biblot*, while the pearl rope represents one of the most desirable additions to the ensemble of a well-equipped woman of to-day.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

VAIN TALE (Weymouth).—I agree that the usual advertised specific for all those woes of dizziness, hysteria, nerves, and other worries of digestion gone wrong may be pious frauds; but buy the old and famous "Eau des Carmes Déchaussés de la Rue Vaugirard," and you will find a specific which, when first invented by the Carmelite monk over two hundred years ago, was regarded as the wonder-working cure of the age—a reputation it still deservedly holds in France. Any good chemist sells it over here, and its headquarters are at 14, Rue l'Abbaye, Paris.

SYBIL.

to the history of the industry and the peculiar features of this part of the Kentish coast. It is published by Joseph Collard, of 43, Charing Cross Road.

"Camille" has already succeeded "Magda" at the Adelphi, with Miss Nance O'Neil in the name-part, Mr. McKee Rankin as Old Duval, and Mr. Thomas Kingston as Young Duval.

Next Tuesday is the date just selected for Messrs. Gatti and Frohman's re-opening of the much re-decorated Vaudeville with Mr. James M. Barrie's new comedy, "Quality Street."

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 24.

ROUND THE MARKETS.

HERE and there round the markets of the Stock Exchange there are indications of a slight revival of business, although investors and speculators alike have legitimate cause for complaint that they are being somewhat "left behind." Consols continue unmistakably weak, and the stale bull in this and the Home Railway departments is really responsible for the flatness of prices in each. Yankees have gone far beyond the ken of the average speculator, and the movements of prices in London are reflections of what happens in New York: fluctuations are rarely produced nowadays by reason of the dealing on behalf of the British speculator, for he has practically given up Americans. In the Mining Markets, the steady advance in Kaffirs is taking place without any signs of activity, and here again the punter is left without the lead which days of animation puts in his way. But, on the whole, business is improving, and another fortnight may possibly see some semblance of good trade in the markets of the Stock Exchange.

PANMURE GORDON.

From the public point of view, with the death of Mr. Panmure Gordon probably the most conspicuous figure among the members of the London Stock Exchange has passed away. Among the leaders of finance in London, with the exception of Mr. J. P. Morgan, none was so often and so prominently before the public eye as the deceased broker, and even Mr. Morgan's face and figure are not so well known to "The Man in the Street" as that of the head of the great Hatton Court firm, while to the public no firm in the Stock Exchange was so well known and so much respected. For every man who has heard of Sir Alexander Henderson, Mr. Walpole Greenwell, or Messrs. Linton, Clarke, and Co., twenty knew Mr. Panmure Gordon by sight, and hundreds all over the country expected to see his name on the prospectus of every big promotion. He was, undoubtedly, the picturesque figure not only of his firm, but also of the Stock Exchange, and his eccentricities added to his fame.

Educated at Harrow, Oxford, and Bonn, he was at first a soldier, afterwards a member of a mercantile firm in China, and then, for more years than we care to remember, a stockbroker. It was in this latter capacity that Mr. Panmure Gordon made his large fortune. For him money had few attractions beyond the supply of his wants and hobbies, and the last thing in the world for which he would have worked was "to cut up well." He lived like a Prince and dispensed hospitality with a generous hand.

In business he was keen, but never haggling, and, as he said, if he made money for himself he made it also for those who employed him. In private life he was generous both to his equals and his dependents. His hobbies (of which he loved to talk even in his sanctum in Hatton Court) were fox-terriers, carriages, and clothes, his foibles pride of his Scotch ancestry and his affection for the music of the bagpipes. Dinner in Charles Street without the piper of Clan Gordon to make the host's heart swell with honest satisfaction and the Saxon guests sometimes squirm in their seats would have been no dinner at all. No one would have been surprised if he had visited Capel Court in a kilt, even as our picture (which is from a painting by Herkomer) represents him. The Scotch Kennel Club never had a keener President.

Among the best-known promotions of late years with which Panmure Gordon, Hill, and Co. have been connected were the Cold

Storage issue, the best of the Russian Oil concerns, Lipton, Limited, the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited, and, we think, the Central London Railway. Some—we had almost said, most—big brokers pocket their thousand guineas and do nothing for it, but the firm of which Mr. Panmure Gordon was the head have always looked on their duty from a different point of view. They never take up a Company in which they do not believe, and, having taken it up, they exert all their influence to make it go. The great business which Mr. Panmure Gordon founded will, no doubt, be carried on with little loss of anything except picturesqueness by the surviving partners—Mr. Hill, the most charming and genial of men, and Mr. Koch.

SOME INDUSTRIALS.

Present prospects point to a rising interest on the public's part towards the Industrial Market of the Stock Exchange. While new promotions are shy of coming forward, there is more doing in the older-established Industrials than there has been for some time past, and business broadens daily. Under the circumstances, it seems a double pity that the English Sewing Cotton results should be so disheartening, and Salvati Jesurun's recently issued report shows that the Company has only gone from bad to worse during the past year. The James Nelson Company, however, is expected to declare an excellent interim dividend within the next few weeks, and, if the Ordinary are too speculative to touch, the First Preference shares look a capital investment. Hudson's Bays are borne along on the crest of the Canadian prosperity, and, although the price looks very high, it must be owned that the market is so strong that it may easily go better. A correspondent asks us whether there is any price or market for the shares of Contractors, Limited, and possibly he is one of those who acted upon our suggestion last month, when we ventured to foretell that a move would be made in them about September. The price is now 1½ to 2. Shares changed hands the other day on a slightly higher basis, and there appears to be some little public attention springing up in the affairs of this somewhat remarkable undertaking.

THE STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Feeling quite pleased with himself, The Stroller strolled into Throgmorton Street the other night to see if there were any more tips worth picking up. He had, you know, bought Yankees three weeks since, and, moreover, was wise enough to secure the profit while it was there.

"I've really come to ask if you have any decent tips," he said to his broker, as

he studied the tape-prices stretched invitingly along the green-baize-covered board.

"You are all the same, you clients," replied his broker, with a smile, as he went on signing the contracts. "Always wanting us to put you into 'ringing good things,' and never content with a decent five per cent. investment which would never worry you."

"I don't know so much about that," said The Stroller, looking at him, thoughtfully. "As a matter of fact, I am going to ask you to look me up some good five-per-centers, later on. But, just now, I've come to demand a tip."

"Well"—and the broker toyed with his quill-pen as he considered—"perhaps you will think I'm mad to suggest it, but I've a strong fancy for a bull of Rio Tintos."

"What are they?" asked our innocent friend. "A copper thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, and the shares used to be one of the finest gambling counters in the House. A poor dividend—as compared with this time



THE LATE MR. PANMURE GORDON.

From a Painting by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

last year—is expected, but my own idea is that all that has been discounted in the present price.”

“High-priced shares, aren’t they?” inquired The Stroller.

“Oh, rather! But that need not frighten you, because it is always easy to carry them over.”

“I think I’ll have fifty or a hundred.”

“Have fifty, and, if the price goes down, double your stakes.”

“Very well. I will come back in half-an-hour to see what price has been paid for them.”

“That is, if I can find a dealer in the street. If not, I will buy you fifty Rios first thing in the morning. *Au revoir* for the present.”

The Stroller quietly closed the door as he left the private room. “Will you come and have a cup of coffee?” he asked his former friend, the Authorised Clerk.

“I can’t to-night, thank you,” said the junior. “Must get this work done, and I’m a bit behind with it already.”

“Some other time, then,” and The Stroller walked leisurely along until he stood by the principal door of the House in Throgmorton Street. A shabbily dressed man was hastily picking up the multitudinous cigarette-ends on the stairs, and flew down again as a waiter appeared.

“Clumsy brute!” exclaimed one of the two men whom he nearly overturned. “Here’s your hat.”

“Thanks. Lucky there was no cab passing, or it would have been knocked as flat as Home Rails.”

The other swore softly at all things that run on rails.

“Candidly, I’m getting sick of the market,” he said. “There is no end to the decline, and, as far as I can see, there will be none. What do you think yourself?”

“I think you are exaggerating a little, I must admit. But, if I held such things as North-Westerns or Midland or Great Easterns, I should be sorely tempted to sell even at the present low figures.”

“Just what I feel. The market *may* go better in time, and American criticism is, of course, far-fetched when it comes to comparing Yankee lines with ours; but, all the same, I can’t see where any rise is going to be started from. I only wish I could.”

“Let’s go a bear of Brums and Berwicks on joint account, eh?”

“By way of backing our opinions? All sereno! You sell a couple of each in the morning, unless by any unforeseen miracle the Railway Boards have by that time awakened to the necessity of running their services with a view to profit instead of keeping up stale conventionalities.”

“My dear boy, you are cut out for an orator. I myself never aspire to words of more than five syllables, but your last must have held quite half-a-dozen.”

“Get out! We’re talking business. Don’t forget all about it in the morning if you go West to-night,” and they exchanged good-nights.

The Stroller had been so engrossed by the conversation concerning Home Rails that he never noticed how a small crowd had collected just in front of him.

“What are Devels?” an eager-looking man asked him, obviously mistaking him for a jobber.

“Spirits of evil, I believe,” our Stroller replied. “Or do I misunderstand you?”

The other gave him a look of withering scorn, but attempted no rejoinder, and went round the little market crying, “Devels! Devels!”

“If you mean Transvaal Estates and Development, young man,” said an older one, severely, “the price is close either side.”

“Back in a minute if I get an order,” gasped the impatient inquirer, as he dashed down the street to his waiting clients.

“Randfontein are the things to buy now, I fancy,” remarked one man to another. “Randfontein or Barneys or New Africans.”

“A wide selection,” commented his friend. “Which of the three for choice?”

“Oh, it doesn’t much matter. There’s a five-shillings profit on them all if you don’t mind waiting a bit. Or you might buy Mozambiques for a gamble. I’ve got a few my—”

The Stroller thought he caught sight of his broker in the distance, and hurried away to see if he had bought the Rio Tinto. “And I shall have a few of those Kaffirs as well,” he mentally determined, as he strode after his agent.

Saturday, Sept. 6, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the “City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand.”

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

OXON.—The prospects of the Rhodesian you mention are somewhat hazy; but, with the recurrence of interest which seems to be coming over Rhodesians, it might be as well to wait before selling. At present the price, a very nominal one, is about ten shillings.

R. W. C.—We agree that your speculative investments will probably turn out well. The shares you propose for a gamble are mere rubbish, and Barretts or Balkis Land have more chance than either of the things you mention, both of which have anything but a nice “crowd” behind them.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN.—Labour troubles in the Colony and on the field are largely responsible for the fall, but we think you would do well to get out whenever the shares go to the neighbourhood of 3 again, as they probably will do in course of time.

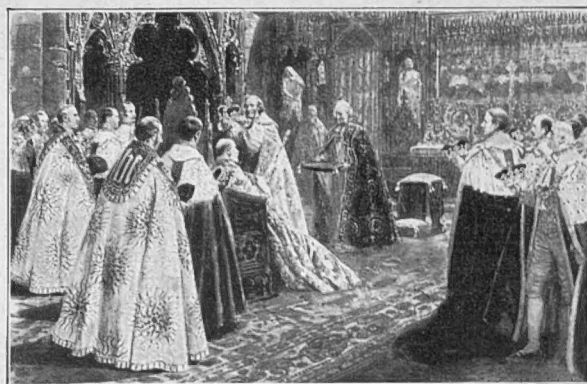
A. R.—You have evidently not studied our Rules. Mr. J. P. Morgan is now in the United States. The London address of his firm is Old Broad Street, E.C.

MEXICO.—The price of “Contractors, Limited,” is $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2, and there is a market for them in the Stock Exchange.

E. F. B.—You deserve cordial congratulation. For ourselves, we never advise dealings through any other than a member of the Stock Exchange.

A. W. S.—We have answered your letter by post.

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